VAGUE

#15

NOBODY'S RIGHT, EVERYTHING SHOULD BE VAGUE.

A NEVER ENDING PARTY ON THE QUAYSIDE FOR THOSE THAT COULD'NT AFFORD A TICKET ON THE TITANIC.

40p

VAGRANTS
on the edge of time

"I'd lose my nerve if I could see everyone in the audience. I like to have it all Vague." (John Lennon)

LIVE YOUR LIFE THE VAGUE WAY

Well...I could'nt kill the Vague beast after all - It's become bigger than both of us. Once again it's revolting head loomed above the cesspit of mass media and took over my body and soul in the first 3 or 4 months of this godawful year. The process of Vagrancy went into overdrive - nothing could stop it bar global destruction. Throughout that period of time I had one thought and one thought only - I've gotta Vague to do and I've gotta do it NOW!

Housing does'nt matter. Money does'nt matter. Politics does'nt matter. Music does'nt matter. The show must go on. So let's roll back the rug, nail up the door and Party! Party! Party!

Now I'm going to do something mysterious and bizarre, because that's the kind of guy I am. We just dont care here at Vague. We just dont care at all! We go for all that exciting, mysterious and bizarre stuff! This is going to be an experiment to see if I can get thru' without any facile attempts at preaching and-a-teaching - some other people should try it - All anyone can do, honestly, is describe - in anyway they see fit - what happens to them/what experiences they have and what they make of them. No matter what else you do. That is all you can do honestly. You cant tell anyone anything - there's no point - except maybe, dont let anyone else tell you anything. If someone learns an answer from you/me, then it is ALWAYS a false answer.

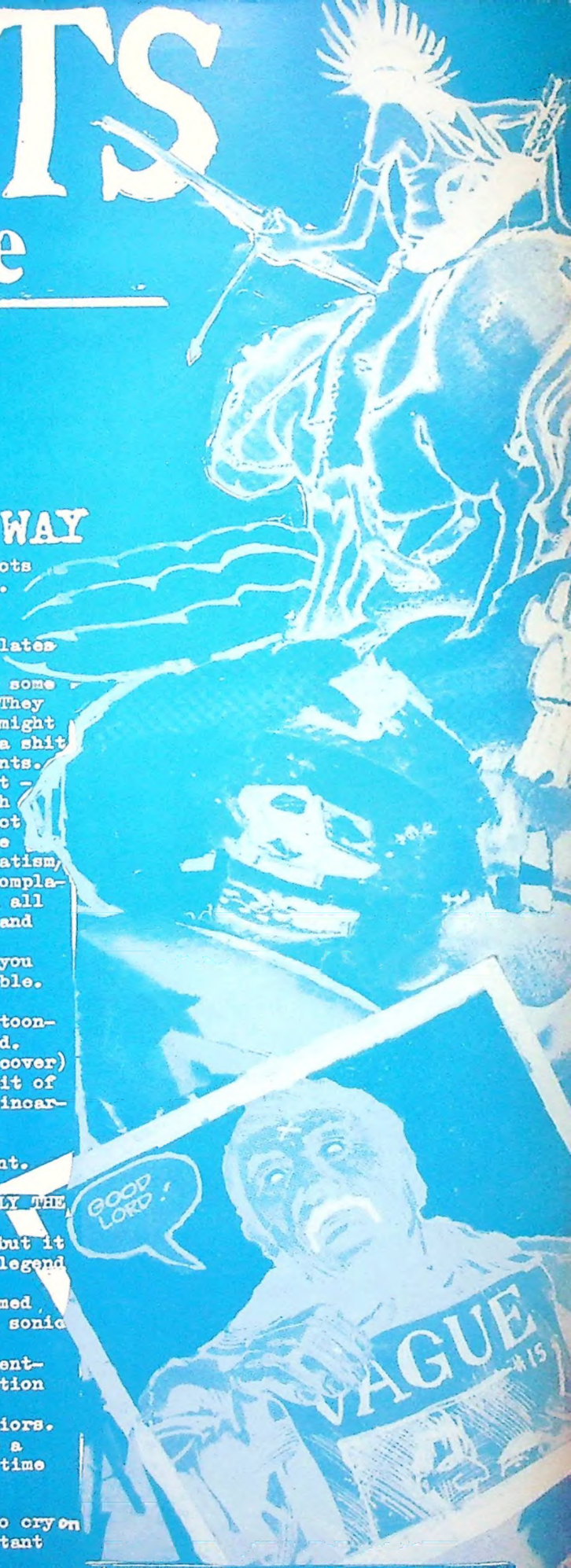
Vague philosophy out of the way - I've given the game away now and I'll have to follow my typewriter out of the window - just like to say that every other fanzine is shit - even Puppy is like Smash Hits compared to 'OZ' or 'IT' - as for the 'others' they're no more dangerous or relevant than 'Oh Boy' - that's not being nasty, I like a lot of fanzines, I'm just stating facts - especially the other Vagues. This one will be no different unless some extra-terrestial force intervenes before the plates go into the presses.

Basically, all it is - is some things that DO matter to me. They might to you as well or they might not - either way I dont give a shit I've done it. That's what counts. But any one of you could do it - or something of equally 'earth shattering' importance - infact some of YOU did manage to Rise above the suffocating conservatism, tortuous mediocrity/drugged complacency/mind-numbing apathy and all those un-cool things to help and inspire me on this my latest quest for salvation. Without you this would'nt have been possible.

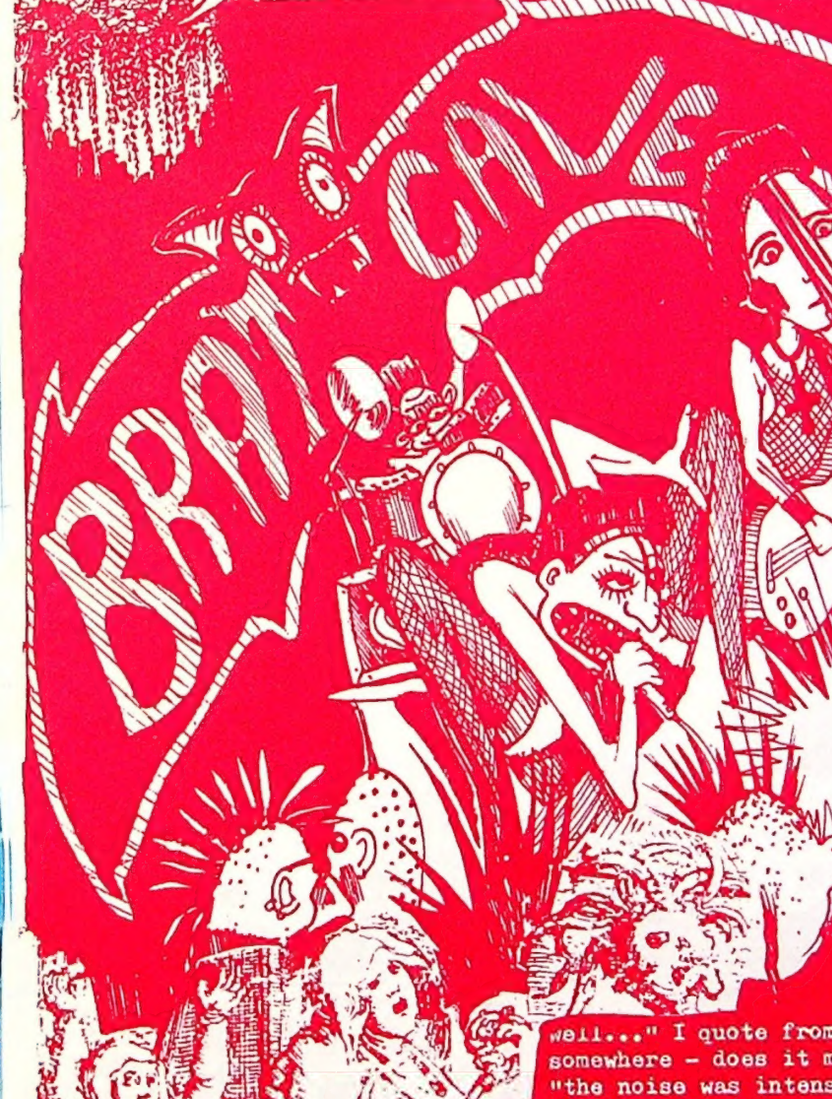
YOU ARE :

- PERRY HARRIS - trusty cartoonist, friend and graphix wizard.
- JOAN G. - ace-lensperson(cover)
- JAYNE HOUGHTON - the spirit of Penny Smith and Jane Suck re-incarnate.
- THE REVEREND PETE SCOTT - weird - mental cults department.
- IAN LINDSAY - (likewise)
- WILL D. BEAST (WHO'S REALLY THE ONE AND ONLY JOHN APOSTLE!)
- CHRIS VIZ - Mr. Reliable but it was worth the wait - geordie legend in his own lunctime.
- BEE - leader of the reformed Dune Buggy Attack battalion - sonic version.
- DAVE LAVOLTA - our representative from the Cornish liberation Front.
- ANNA + MARIA - women warriors.
- CHRIS J. - my best mate - a frustrated musician all this time - the shame!

- MICK MERCER - a shoulder to cry on as steady as a rock and a constant source of inspiration.
- MARINA MEROSI - one of the good guys.
- THE COCTEAU TWINS - for reviving my faith in music more than once (especially at the Univ. of London - about the closest you could reasonably hope to get to a religious experience last christmas) and for the soundtrack for most of this -



(TONY PARSONS shows what a jaded old soul boy he is and if his missus thinks "punk meant putting off for 2 years the awful business of discovering the REAL world"...well, that's what happens to you in the end I geuss. People have different ideas of what the 'REAL' world is and like a good little 'socialist' she thinks



No Goths Please, We're Positive

everyone should have the same idea as her. They were the only 'REAL' punks anyway and I still love 'em!

● SPEAR OF DESTINY - Brandon's not a Nazi and he's not gay and he's not the new Springsteen but I love him as well (although it's decidedly unfashionable in the circles I move in.)

● NEUBAUTEN - for giving the ICA what it so justly deserved and I hope Some Bizarre had to foot the bill - even tho' it was dead good the way they took the piss out of the terminally pretentious art-school-lecturers, "I mean of course it was performance art, we were'nt just demolishing the stage for a laugh - I thought you would realise that, being arty people as well..." I quote from Sounds or somewhere - does it matter? - "the noise was intense, violent and beautiful...and it was exciting, madly and wildly so. People quaked in the bone breaking din, squeaking their delight in a kind of euphoric giddiness, a sudden taste of forbidden pleasure..." - choke...what some people do to earn a living? Scarecrow's last night wrecking party at the Bingo hall was much better...madly and wildly so.

● THE CULT - and for all of you who said the last Vague was good but there was too much on Southie Deathie - Tough Shit - here's some more.....Nah! Only joking. What a card, eh? You're quite right, I've written far too much on Death Cult/The Cult/Youth Cults/Teenage/Rock'n'Roll - I want to get it all out of my system here - I dont suppose for one moment that I will but what's it all about? What can a poor boy do? Dont pick up a guitar whatever you do - or a typewriter - if you must have a phallic symbol - make it a gun.

A Raygun!

● LOUISE RAYGUN - for the best new fanzine on the market (from ROUGH TRADE of course) - it must be something in the air down there and LITTLE IAIN becoming a 'journalist'! Yeuurgh! He's one of them!

● BILLY DUFFY - even tho' he's settled down - guru of the Blank Generation - who occassionally comes out with things like * maybe it's like the Polish govt. giving

no feelings
OH WE MUST FIND SOMEWHERE TO LIVE SOON
CIDER
CHICKEN PORTIONS
REALLY BIG PIECES!
When there's no future
How can there be sin
We're the flowers
in the dustbin
We're the poison in
your human machine
We're the future
Your future
problem
problem
problem
problem
problem
problem
problem
CHEERIO
S.D.C
D.C
DEATH CULT SPLIT
THE ANARCHIST MOVEMENT HAS NO LONGER ANY IMPORTANCE, NO WORKS OF NOTABLE SOCIAL OR POLITICAL VALUE ARE ISSUING FORTH, NO NEW OFFSPRING IS COMING IN.....
YEAH, BUT ARE WE GONNA SQUAT HERE OR NOT?
ZIG
ZAG
ZIG-ZAG SPLITS
ONE morning last July Jane Smith's husband left for work as usual.
LIFE!
Vice
JANE SMITH'S HUSBAND SPLIT.
I DONT CARE IF YOU'RE A CLEAN LIVING BOY - WE'RE DOWN YOU FOR BEING A FRUSTRATED MUSICIAN
OK SON, OWN UP WHERE ARE THE DRUGS HIDDEN
"I KEEP TELLING YOU I'M NOT A JUNKIE — I HAVENT GOT ANY DRUGS."
HELLO HELLO, WHATS THIS FUNNY LOOKING ROLL UP THEN?

Music all day helps you.... Work and Play

money to bands - if we did'nt have music - we would'nt sit around talking about it all the time - we'd be out doing something." MUSIC ALL DAY HELPS YOU WORK REST AND PLAY

• JULIAN COPE'S MOUTH (when it's talking not singing) Some quotes (not very anarchist but I think they're fun) : "I really believe that I should slag BlancMange because they have absolutely no redeeming features...once upon a time it was enough to know that U2 were crap, now you've got to know why they're crap! "

And :

"Today being in a band is about as rebellious as joining the army." "Sounds even run ads for various mercenary Death squads - 'The Army wants Heavy Metal (death) freaks - if you're healthy, clean and bored - join the army and we'll teach you how to kill people and take away that cumbersome grey stuff in your head.' - I know that's got nothing to do with what Julian meant but it seemed like a good thing to put in at the time - anyway as the great scouse sage noted it's not enough to go to gigs and form bands - people are keeping that particular myth going for their own ends - when it's as obvious as the conk on my boatrace that all that nonsense is leading us right up our own arseholes. Dont listen to tne lies and excuses of the pampered prima-donnas. Dont buy their product and dont pay to be repressed at their business conventions. At least have the decency not to be grateful! (Just friendly advice, you understand. I'm not trying to tell you anything - Pay £5 to see some old rock'n'rollers at the Lyceum - see if I care!)

These popstar characters, especially all these pseudo-religious creeps like U2, Alarm, Simple Minds, Bunnymen, you know all those creeps - they only serve to perpetuate all the hang-ups and subserviance of the years. ANYONE CAN BE A STAR. ANYONE IS A STAR. EVERYONE IS A STAR. The Pistols should have proved that but so many people used Punk to project themselves out of the gutter/off the scrapheap and into the limelight for I5 minutes - mostly a pointless waste of a good I5 minutes - that aspect of pop culture is now obsolete. Redundant. I dont see what it's got to do with ANYTHING. So is there any point in still writing about bands? Who's writing about 'bands'? I think you'll find I seldom write about 'bands' - I just write about myself and I'll argue to the cows come home with anybody who thinks there's anything wrong with that...but here's some 'bands' all the same;

• THE MOB - and the best gig I did'nt pay to go to (nobody paid to go to) last year..... Meanwhile Gardens in the summer - you think I'm going to make a sarcastic joke now dont you? Well I'm not at all. Infact I'm going to make a sort of apology. This is the first time as far as I know that I've actually admitted to being wrong about a band, albeit a case of closing the stable door after the horse has bolted. You find after a while that first impressions are usually correct (altho' that might sound like an awful thing to say) but not this time. My instinct had let me down. I take it all back. Infact seldom have I been more drastically wrong about a band (will you take off the thumb screws now, Mark!) and this has got nothing to do with me wanting their chanteur to move my stuff again. Nothing to do with that whatsoever.

I still dont go back on anything I might have said about CRASS and their followers. I still think they did a lot of harm by interfering in something that they knew nothing about - but that's a different story. Crass have come and gone now. They've done their I0 pence worth and indeed they're still doing it. It's pointless arguing about it anymore but I still enjoy winding people up, little devil that I am. Infact I think they're the greatest band that has ever existed.

The Mob owe more to the Fall and ATV anyway. Did you hear that ATV have reformed (or have they split up again now?) I'm getting a bit of a taste for the Fall as well - the book's mental as anything. Anyway I felt like a right old cider-soaked hypocrit at Meanwhile Gardens, there I stood on the bank of this sundrenched skateboard park, round the corner from the old ZigZag, swigging merrydown, rationalising and analysing, whilst all around was glorious chaos. Everyone was cavorting about in the dustbowl not giving a shit. That's why people like me used to slag the Mob, we're too busy writing about things to actually participate and actually do something.

The Mob gave the vulnerable PA a good pounding of Punk Protest anthems - no that does'nt sound very good - songs/humour/sincerity/that sort of stuff - not a terribly well constructed sentence that - but the spirit moved me and the tribe increased by one cynical old vague runt. I wrote down at the time that Mark Mob is'nt just LIKE one of us, he IS one of us. So much so infact that he does'nt want to preach or teach to people from a stage anymore, which he did do anyway but I know what he means, so that's THAT. All the best with the tee-pee, Mark, but what a waste, that boy could have done big things - now stop that - he did do big things and still does. It's a pity certain other individuals dont follow his example. But not...

• THE WOLFGANG PRESS - who've provided me with some wonderful moments as well...(some more pub anecdotes for ya! Fuck off Richard)...some hapless punker asking singer Mick Allen for his autograph. Mick stares at him manically and splutters,"fu.. fu..Fuck OFF!" That's something you dont see much of nowerdays. A bit of the old spirit.

Mick again, slagging off the music press, "It's all part of that Rock'n'Roll thing, Y' know back at the hotel, getting pissed and stoned, all that crap."

Mark Cox - keyboard player, "Is'nt that what we're doing?" Mick;"er..Yeah..Hey, we better have a meeting about this!"

• THE FRANK CHICKENS - wonderful....

• SPK - " "

• LOOK MUMMY CLOWNS- " "

• DOORS - I've finally given myself over to Jim - Jim take me!

• DYLAN - Haha!

• HENDRIX

• LYDIA LUNCH

• BRIGANDAGE and TV PERSONALITIES - if they'd only get their arses in gear and I dont mean Seditionaries Kecks, Michelle - one day she will be the last Punk Rock star - she must be the last one from the I00 Club (I hope.) and her beau Richard Kick is NOT a frustrated musician - just wait till you hear me banging garbage cans with Xmal....

Hmmmm, cant think of anymore 'bands' so here's the Vague Oscar nominations - totally out of date of course -

Some films and filmstars;

• TOM CONTI in 'MERRY CHRISTMAS MR.LAWRENCE' when he said to the vicious but kind guard at the end, "You're the victim of people who think they are right. The same as Jack Celliers (played by old whatshisname) was the victim of other people who were convinced that they were right. When infact we all know that nobody is right."

• PAUL NEWMAN in 'COOL HAND LUKE' - throughout the film but especially after he's eaten all the eggs. Where he adopts a crucifixion pose.

• That SHERLOCK HOLMES meets JACK THE RIPPER film, I dont know the name of it but it's one of my fave films of all time. It's got a phenomenal cast; Chris Plummer as Sherlock is godlike, Jimmy Mason as Watson, Johnny Gielgud as the PM, Dave Hemmings as the corrupt marxist cop, Don Suther-

land, Frank Finlay, you name 'em! I'm sure it must be a bit controversial because it implies that the whole affair could have quite easily led to the English revolution that never was - then we might have had something to be proud of apart from the Tolpuddle martyrs and the '66 World Cup team - but we'll get onto that later!

The Film implicates them all - right up to the very highest echelons, the PM and even old Vick herself. There is a theory that Edward VII (her son) who was a bit of a lad, got a prostitute pregnant and then gave the go-ahead to cover it up in this rather macabre manner. That's what the film is implying basically. In reality they do know who Jack the Ripper was but they 're not telling until 100 years afterwards - what are they trying to hide this time? I'm really fascinated by all that stuff but I doubt if you are so here's some pornography...

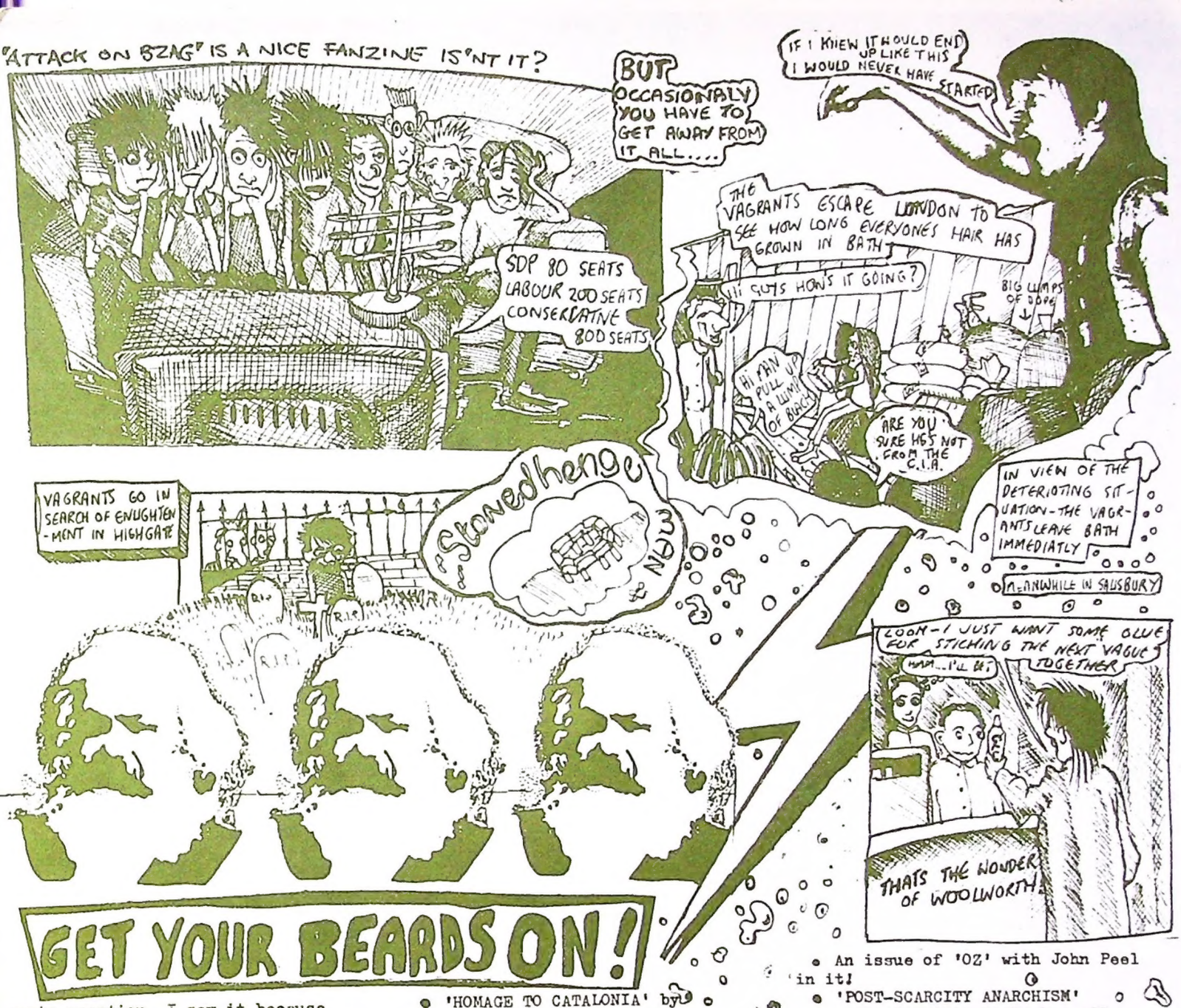
Only kidding - it's...

● 'CARRIE' next - not as good as the book of course as his Barryness would say and not one of our Steve's better works but I reckon I would have ended up like that, if I was'nt rescued from school/home by the powers of positive thinking, it would have been pyrokenesis for me!

● 'CHINA SYNDROME' - which must have been based on the KAREN SILK-WOOD affair. You know SILENCE IS PLUTONIUM and all that - in the news at the moment because of 'SILKWOOD'-have'nt seen that yet but from the sound of it I think 'China Syndrome' is better- as I was saying it's closely related, especially where the bloke with the film of the nuke-fuck-up has his car rammed over a cliff on his way to the inquiry. JACK LEMMON is sensational as the nuke technician who sees the light and gets ventilated by SWANT before he can tell the world - and JANE FONDA in her better days when she was my heart throb, when she used to care or at least make a trendy show of caring, before she became mega-capitalist, giving old grannies hernias doing her bloody stupid aerobics. What a lousey sell out.

'China Syndrome' was far more poignant and far reaching than 'THE DAY AFTER' which was little more than glossed over propaganda really, reducing the total destruction of life on this planet to a Dallas style soap opera -the way only the americans can - and I dont know about communications after the Big Bang, communications are fucked already, yours Disgusted, Highbury and Islington.

I dont say 'Why am I here?' in wonder and awe of the ulti-



mate question. I say it because I want to be somewhere else...

- 'AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD' - with Alan Bates as Guy Burgess.
- 'DIVA'
- 'ZELIG'
- 'THE MIRACLE WORKER'
- 'MY DINNER WITH ANDRE'
- 'THE AVENGERS' with TARA KING

A leetle bit about 1948 and all that jazz. I thought the Films about Boy George's latter years were alright especially the re-enactment of 'Animal Farm' but they should have shown all the other films as well. STEPHEN HEDLEY'S 'BEYOND 1984' was excellent - another shining light for common sense - the way he got a chief constable admitting that an alarming number of constabules are out and out racists - and the thing is no one can accuse him of being a trotskyite/anarchist/what have you/ he's such a sensible well mannered little chap. Your mum would love him!

There's loads more video stuff but not loads more room - it does' nt have to be sedative or brain-washing -

Some books;

- 'THE FAMILY' by ED SAUNDERS (Panther -ironically) Incredible book.
- 'HOMAGE TO CATALONIA' by GEORGE ORWELL where he describes how at first when the anarchists started the Spanish civil war, it was the most perfectly equal society he had ever seen or was likely to see. Essential.
- 'DESPATCHES' by MICHAEL HERR (Picador) and 'TIM PAGE'S NAM' (T + H) - now here's a different kettle of fish. These books are 'nt about WAR - if you want to know about WAR read and listen to CRASS - that's WAR. This is something else. Fuck knows what it is but it is'nt WAR. Another american Death Cult. Another product of our society. Viet Nam is glamourised and romanticised but that's the way it was for these guys - as Mat Snow said in NME, "Glamourous Yes, truthful No, and without understanding the truth. Can we hope it cant happen again?"

But what's the truth?

- 'THE LONGEST WALK' (Leonard Peltier House) probably is. Essential.

This issue is also heavily influenced by;

- 'THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST' by TOM WOLFE.
- 'THE END OF MUSIC'
- 'A CRITIQUE OF STATE SOCIALISM' by Michael Bakunin and Richard Warren.
- An issue of 'OZ' with John Peel in it!
- 'POST-SCARCITY ANARCHISM' - essential - this books has all the answers. So does...
- 'KILL YOUR PET PUPPY 6' and...
- 'PANACHE 24'

Where's 7 and 25 is what I want to know? Better be an answer SOON! Of course 1984 is'nt all fun and games. I've got into the terribly negative habit of living each day as if it's my last and I'm quite convinced before long I'll be doing it for real and of course I cant get thru another Vague without slagging some of the creeps that make it this way - although this is just my little eccentricity and I know full well that we're all creeps -nobodies innocent but some are more guilty than others...

Some people that should be hacked up into little pieces;

- YOKO ONO - giving some of her fur coats to war victims charity. Big fucking deal! Dont these people make you want to puke. Why does'nt Paul McFuckingCartney follow her example and give the starving millions Scotland or something. Did you see that cunt on the Tube? Michael and Mick are such wonderful people. Is'nt it a wonderful fucking world, Paul? What's black, worth it's weight in gold and burns?

NEU VAGRANTS
HELLO, CAN I COME ROUND TO LOOK AT THE ROOMS TO LET
ER...AH NO. SORRY THE FLAT LOOKS ALREADY TAKEN
OH NO! OUR LAST RESORT IS TO MOVE INTO TOYTOWN...
RIOTS AND LOOTING SPREAD IN ENGLAND TO A DOZEN CITIES
LOOK I'VE GOT ALL THESE GOTHS MOVING IN WITH ME - CAN I COME ON TOUR WITH YOU TO GET AWAY FROM THEM
DANGER OF ANARCHY SEEN
X-MAL TOUR
TO GET AWAY FROM THE PROBLEMS OF HOUSING TOM & CHRIS GET INTO THE MERCHANDISE INDUSTRY ON THE X-MAL TOUR
ZZZZ

SWINE HUND! - VAGUE - WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PHOTO
=[xMaL deutschland]
HEY, THERES SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR ALL THOS CAPITALISM LARK..... WONDER IF I COULD GET A MANPOWER GRANT FOR VAGUE?
MEANWHILE X-MAL WERE HAVING TROUBLES IN THE STREETS
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? TO SEE HER BAND X-MAL
YOU'RE KIDDING THEY'RE MY FAVE BAND! CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH
Violence Is Called Worst Yet
250 Seized in London as Firemen Battle Blazes

Vague goes international

AFTER MANY DRUNKEN ADVENTURES IN EUROPE THE VAGRANTS RETURN TO ENGLAND LAND OF THE FREEE ...AND HEAD FOR DUNDEE....
TWATS!
SCOTLAND OR BUST
WELCOME TO SCOTLAND
--AND NOW THE DEATH I FORESAW WILL BE MINE!
WELL TRYING TO REACH DUNDEE AT LEAST
MEANTIME AT DUNDEE!!
DEATH CULT
BRING THE HOUSE DOWN
DANSE FACTORY
C'MON PUNK WHERE ARE THE DRUGS?
WEST
EAST
SEX
HEY, DO YOU WANT TO SELL US YOUR JACKET MATE?
MEANWHILE BACK IN THE STATES.
LUDDITE POSSE
EZEQUEL DOES HIS STUFF
I TOLD YOU-TRASHING INSTRUMENTS WAS HOPELESSLY OUTRE. I KNEW THE ONLY WAY TO SUBSTANTIALISE URBAN DECAY + BEAT TEST DEPT. TO A C.B.S. ADVANCE WAS TO ANNEX THE SUDETAN LAND
YOU'VE GOT A REALLY GOOD SOUND THERE - I THINK YOU SHOULD SIGN THIS CONTRACT
CONT

WIERD SCENES INSIDE THE GOLDMINE

Michael Jackson - and what was Marvin Gaye's greatest hit? Marvin Gaye Junior - they're not anti-black remarks, I just hate Tamla Motown!

And that video to the poxy 'pipes of peace'. What a statement! What a social conscience! What a fucking creep! How does that bastard live with himself! Pass the chillum, Linda. How about some controversial publicity, eh? Why did'nt she try it in Istanbul, then she would have really got some kicks. If anyone deserved bullets in their heads those two did/do. As usual they got the wrong turkey, yours Disgusted,Semley.

• Save a bullet for that creep STEVE WRIGHT - had to give that bastard a mention. I can now only stand, on average, 2 minutes of his nauseating platitudes - fucking closet fascist. How come he got so many votes in the NME Poll? What's going on out there?

• THE OVERGROUND PRESS in it's entirety - nothing whatsoever can be achieved - because it exists - it means you must compromise to conservatism - it has snuffed out everything. Good to see FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD getting banned tho'. Gosh! Were'nt they outrageous! (the biggest con since Marc Almond) NME totally cr... it's own arsehole - ... MORLEY clones ever... MEND YOUR WAYS bef... up with something ... or is that what yo... NME should stick t... bumper christmas iss... not bother with ... in between.

• PUN... pits. ... idea ... tha... Le... I, ... w...

• There's no point at all in mentioning MICK JAGGER either but there's a funny story attached; The OAP Home let Mick out for the night and what does he do but fall in with that rascal JULIAN TEMPLE - Malcolm's understudy and video-whizz-kid, and then there was all that trouble on The Tube; "OK, you can have an interview with Mick - but on the condition that you make a controversy out of the video in return." Oh dear, Julian, dont you know situationism is so passe - go and play with your your young conservative chum PETER YORK - everyone hates Peter York anyway so I wont dwell on him but move straight onto the hallowed arse of JOHN 'I think it's swell playing in Japan' LYDON - Temple began his carrer by kissing it but it's a good job he's got new toys to play with now because it's owner has at last succeeded in crawling up it and farting off into oblivion. I quote from a particularly vitriolic (fave word) TONY PARSONS singles review, nothing to do with PIL of course, this guy's a pro: "but if that fat bloated travesty Johnny Lydon can turn himself into the poor man's Dorothy Squires, there is no reason at all why ...lcolm cannot become the new ... Stevens."

... personally dont see what ...e fuss was about. Johnny ...t Johnny had always ...ake the piss out of ...ning - what he's best at ...cal little bugger. ... thought doing ... Tube with his ... a master ... things ...'s ...ome ... that ...ould ...y ...s' ...le

...mpor... ...s the ...on why he ...terally ...t he's ...t lazy ... that ...a pity as ...e wont be ...n. ...re about ...er. He ...cheap ...ple's ...record ...ng. That ...ationism ...x music- ...'s another ...nyone who ...ith that ...nt worth ...alone

WHY DID'NT HE LISTEN ?

• There are loads of myths about Punk but NONE of them live up to what it was/is like. I was going to list some more contemporary myths that need dispelling but I think it's better that they remain as myths.

• Do you want me to mention KING KURT? No? That's good cos I've got better things to do like watching paint dry.

• Would you like to swing on a star? Carry moonbeams home in a jar? Or would you rather be a fish? I was going to have some words from the creeps. Andi Sex-Gang and Jaz Coleman making pratts of themselves but they make a far better job of it than I ever could so I'll leave them to it. Instead...

• ADAM ANT in prophetic mood in 1980 on the eve of the Ants Invasion that was to set loose the gothic hordes; "I think groups like The Psychedelic Furs and Bauhaus are fifth rate Banshees-cum-Velvet Underground impersonators. It's very sad for music." And this huge inflatable Walrus like object that he was going round with at the time - added; "Bowie did it all so much better anyway." But to quote Henry Adams; "A friend in power is a friend lost."

• I dont need to say what a pratt STEVE STRANGE is, but he did say something that was worth mentioning; "The Punks just complained about unemployment. I'm doing something about it by giving people jobs at the Camden Palace."

PERNQUE RERQU...

• More career opportunities from Uncle Joe and Uncle Paul' - doing their bit to get the country working again. Not only have they adopted the YOP scheme into the Band but they even despatched sidekick Kosmo off to Bristol to find that Knob who got sacked from Rolls Royce a band, "if we did'nt do something for him, nobody else would." All is not lost. The Clash still care about the kids on the street. Old social workers never die they just get incredibly senile.

• All this talk of old pernque rerquers brings us nicely onto another sad, bloated travesty hidden under drastic cosmetics; Miss Sioux Banshees. Did you see our mention in their Xmas NME interview? All the stars talk about us, you know?

I did'nt think I could hate so much someone that I used to love so much - but I 'spose that makes sense in a way. Also they are'nt anymore The BANSHEES we all used to know and love. Some would have it that they have'nt been since Kenny and John thru' in the towel, but they had their momemts with Budgie and McGeough.

The Banshees are now so far removed from reality, like all those 70's pomp-rock groups that they gleefully slagged when they

were young Banshees are their own self-world that they else apart from t. body ought to tell they're only a poxy after all, not a part. one at that. How come no ever mentions the debt Siou. owes to Patti Smith?

What's more they're a poxy pop group that had their day 6 years ago and have been doing retreads eversince. Oh and of course Severin does'nt ever go down the Batcave at all. Why does'nt he fuck off to America with the rest of 'em. Move into the Chelsea and hang out with Warhol and all those pricks like he really wants to. Why dont you go out wearing pink flares, Sioux? It would be the first unpredictable thing you've done since 1981.

Pop musicians have become the new aristocracy. People like the Banshees, the Clash even, tho' I'd like to hope they at least feel guilty like Townshend did, almost completely across the board, successful and unsuccesful alike. These people feel that they have some divine right to importance. Whereas in reality, their importance is only sustained to profit themselves and whichever multi-national they get to do their dirty work.

They believe they have some important message for the people the same as priests, princes and philosophers (and gurus) did in the past. In reality all they achieve is keeping people in their place, purring nicely to their 'entertainment' as the show goes on as planned. Success is'nt the problem. Success is relative.

Everyone is capable of success. It's whether you want it or not. Whether you want to apply yourself to something and what you want to apply yourself to. Hence the most sussed people usually dont do anything at all. As Simon Napier-Bell bitched about Marc Bolan, "it was'nt that he was particularly talented. It was just that he wanted to be a STAR so much more than anyone else."

The problem is when you step over that thinly disguised line between doing something about the problem and being part of it. The Banshees are now well and truly part of it and they could'nt give a shit. What does that make the rest of 'em? At least they hold out for longer than most...

IF YOU'RE NOT DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THE PROBLEM YOU'RE PART OF IT.

Cant leave this without giving the other half of the Banshees/Cur axis a good run for it's money and ...ard Smith is as any. Apart ...oducing psychedelia in it's most shitty cosmic form, thanks, Pal! the Cure came out with the most irritating, sickly record of 1983, this side of the Smiths, blatantly and fittingly plagiarised from Roxy Music's 'Bogus Man' via their own minor hit 'IO.I5'. I quite liked them then but now I wish Robert's daddy had bought him a sports car instead of a recording studio.

Talking about hippies pouring sick into your ear (stick it in your fucking ear), just what is all the fuss about the wishy-washy flower power drivel of Morrissey (ex. Ed Banger and the Nosebleeds) the Richard Clayderman of post-punk...and Robert Elms calls us long haired punks. It is worrying tho'. There's no smoke without fi... I did watch all of 'Renaldo and C... and enjoyed it and what's this I'... listening to at the moment. If I'... not very much mistaken it's 'The White Album' - they're sending me messages - so at the next vegie ... vegan debate at the Centre there will be compulsory Black Sheep shearing and anyone caught neglecting their locks will be forced to watch that video of Lynyrd Skynyrd at Knebworth '76 until they remember wh... they cu...

Spirit Walker

Let it be beautiful when I sing the last song
I will give you even my body spirit Walker
Let all the children kiss the sun
before we sing the last song
I will give you even my body spirit walker.

Spirit Walker Spirit Walker etc....

ARTWORK: IAN LINDSAY

their hair and took their flares in in the first place.

But enough of this maudling talk. Now it's time for POLITICS, YAHOO! I've been told I dont write about things that matter. I dont think that politics matters but here goes anyway;

the way Pete Tatchell was stitched up at the Bermondsey bi-election became the order of the day as the tories got in SAATCHI AND SAATCHI to organise their election propaganda (SS had already brought us Mars bars and since then they've gone onto cash in on all the nervous breakdowns caused by another 4 years of tory administration by taking over the Smaritans ads.) This all culminated in that bungling fascist buffoon KENNY EVERETT going on about 'bombing the Russians' at their set piece Nuremberg style rally. The Thatcher Youth movement even sang 'Tomorrow belongs to us', an old fave of Adolf and the boys, which was poignantly portrayed in 'Cabaret' on the telly a few days previous.

All that of course just went to emphasise that Democracy is a lie, and the electoral system is a farce. Footie and Labour were stitched up a treat. Our leaderene chose her time well, before patriotic fervour dwindled down after the Falklands fiasco and got herself better PR than O'Dowd. The rigged election put us in with the american war machine hook, line and sinker. Our position as a satelite state tourist attraction and missile base became clearer - when the yanks gleefully wopped Grenada despite Thatcher's objections. Over to Julie Burchill; "It was truly pathetic to behold how pleased the americans were to actually win what they considered to be a war at last (albeit against 300 cuban navvies) Lets forget that they bombed mental hospitals and that half the troops killed were shot by their own side - this is the first war America has ever won without Britain and Russia covering for it as they did in World Wars I and 2 and after Viet Nam, with more bombs dropped by the americans on North Viet Nam than were dropped by all countries during World War 2 and still no victory...

If you care to look at your maps, children, you will find that we are infinitely nearer to Russia than Grenada is to America, and our circumstances are almost exactly the same - a country with a hostile political system and a huge stockpile of weapons, masquerading as a tourist paradise / surely our nearest super-power has a right to lay down the law?"

JB at her very best, after years of trying, she finally sums up america as one big Manson family but with no culture/no beauty. All they've given the world is herpies, snuff movies and the Bomb. It's not a country. It's an experiment that has gone terribly terribly WRONG!

Any dignity/independence/pride that this poxy thing WE live in might have had was finally flushed down the toilet, with Ron's little Xmas present that arrived at Greenham in November. Is it a carpet? Is it a tree? Is it a replica statue of liberty? Is it a DEATH MACHINE? Yet Greenham was where the change in the wind is coming from. The courage/determination/dignity of the Greenham women WILL light up the whole world.

Earlier in the year NIEL KINNOCK walked unscathed from a motorway pile-up - somebody up there likes him - as Cecil Parkinson's kecks came down - Niel's popularity went up. The print workers went out. At last someone had found the guts to stand up to Thatcher. Then Cheltenham and then the miners went like a row of dominoes, giving this capitalist mess we've got ourselves into a not so friendly shove on the way OUT.

83 was the year that the so called radicals were proved right. 84 should be the year to do something about it - unless they start another fucking ruck with Libya - we've g ot t o prove that it's not radical to want Peace, equality and FREEDOM - but COMMON SENSE. That's for commies/class warriors/ anarchos/all fucking human b eing s and PUNKS....thru' good times and bad I always believed in the PUNK IDEAL; INDIVIDUALITY/MORALITY/ HAVING NO LEADERS/NOBODY TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO/QUESTIONING EVERYTHING/GETTING EVERYONE INVOLVED/ DESTROYING THE PASSER-BY/STEALING BACK YOUR RIGHT TO BE YOURSELF AND I STILL BLOODY DO! SO THERE!

"LOOK MUMMY, CLOWNS"

TOM VAGUE IS MY HERO,
I THINK HIS MAG IS GREAT,
HE LENDS ME LOTS OF MONEY,
BECAUSE HE IS MY MATE,
OLE' TOMMY AINT A MOANER,
HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS HEAD,
BUT I OFTEN HEAR STRANGE NOISES,
WHEN THAT SHEEP GETS IN HIS BED.

TOM VAGUE IS MY HERO,
HE ALWAYS TALKS TO ME,
HE FIGHTS THE REVOLUTION,
BETWEEN HIS CUPS OF TEA,
AND TYPING THRU' THE NIGHT,
DOES'NT GET HIM DOWN,
THAT'S WHY HE IS MY HERO
AND THAT'S WHY I'M HIS FAN.

TOM VAGUE IS MY HERO,
WHEN HE DOES THE WASHING-UP,
IT DOES'NT HAPPEN OFTEN THO',
COS HE DONT GIVE A FUCK,
BUT THAT DONT REALLY MATTER,
OLE' TOMMY IS REALLY GRATE
AND I'M A BIT SKINT JUST NOW,
LEND US A FIVER, EH MATE.

Chorus;
TOM, TOM, TOM, TOMMY VAGUE,
HE IS SO BIG AND BRAVE,
TOM, TOM, TOM, TOMMY VAGUE,
HE IS ALL OUR RAVE.

CLOWN'S ADVENTURE

"LOOK MUMMY, CLOWNS"

he's talking to are carrying blowtorches/ meedless t say, i split fast go back t the mice quiet country. am standing there writing WHAAAT? on my favorite wall when who should pass by in a jet plane but my recording engineer "i'm here t pick up you and your latest works of art. do you need any help

THE RAVING DIS

Piss Poor Pisstakes

Dear VAGUE,

I was inspired to write to you after reading V. 14. Firstly a minor detail really, name dropping. It's extremely annoying and rather pathetic and VAGUE has a literal sprinkling in every issue.

Second point, this is probably the worst, your fanzine article was very misguided. "KICK is easily the best new zine...I'm sick of VAGUE being tagged as one of the best, VAGUE is THE best." Right, for a start, there's the obvious deadpan comment there but more importantly, I'm sorry if I shatter your illusions here but VAGUE IS NOT A FANZINE, Yeah, that's right. You are NOT a fanzine. (I'm stunned.ED.) Let me explain. Most fanzines are done on a £50-£100 budget (Really!ED) but judging by VIZ costs £400 and that's just B+W (Hey dont bring Viz into this.ED) and VAGUE has such lovely glossy pages and nice colours on every page, I'd estimate that it costs about £900 so c'mon let the cat out of the bag and tell us all.

I hope the 'exciting and colourful' bit was meant to be taken metaphorically. Why? Because it costs boo muuuccchhh Baby! (Aaahhh, street talk) We have'nt all got limitless budgets y'know, middle class Punks, eh? (Hang on a bit, pass me another cocktail Sabrina, that's better) It's not just little old me that disregards you as a fanzine, no sir. If your pick up any product from the Terror nation you'll find no mention of VAGUE, every other zine (typical I hate that fucking that word) but not VAGUE and they must have seen a copy, cos you have such wunderful distribution have'nt you (I do?) Rough Trade, Probe, Red Rhino, etc. (Oh yeah I see the big time? Who is this schmuck?)

'Most fanzines are dire...' what a pretentious thing to say. Do you have any idea how many fanzines there are in the U.K? And the large 2 paragraph piece on what a fanzine should be, who the FUCK are you to say this, surely it's totally up to the person that makes it as to what it's like. And another annoying thing is that you along with JAMMING (Hey that's a bit below the belt. Outside.) cos you've made it you look down from your pedestal on high and criticize other zines (Sorry about that I must remember not to have an opinion of my own in future) Well fuck off if you're going to do that we want nothing to do with you. (Ohh No, I'm heartbroken)

"Crass got an image. After the Arms blew it (Hah!) they became the No.1 underground punk band" You absolute pratt! "A distorted carbon copy of what happened after the Sex Pistols." Is this article supposed to be a piss-take, I hope so, only it's not very funny. Where do I start? The anarcho-punk movement is stronger today than EVER before, it's not the same as '76. I didn't want to be the one to tell you, '76 was rebellion against the boredom, the rock stars, the music biz and nothing else, a breadth of fresh air (He knows his stuff does'nt he?) '84 is about hird, rebellion against war, against death, against if you like government.(Well, fancy that. Thanks ever so much for telling me.) It's not just a fad like the bloody Ants, it is real, not just a bloody cult. 'Show some imagination' Oh sorry somebody else feels like me, well I'll just forget it shall I. I'll start a new music trend, really original, it's not about being original, it's a scream from the younger generation (A poet as well!) about todays fucked up, twisted and cruel world, go on have a good laugh all you Vagrants, it's not hip to care about anything, write nice articles on hip bands and get hipper still, stay at Ian Death Cult's house (Hang on a bit how come you tried to support them at Whittley Bay if you hate 'hip' bands so much?) You've totally missed the point I'm afraid. OK there are some dorks with Crass and Exploited on their backs but they're the minority, if somebody starts a zine/band then they obviously feel strongly about it. It's not the music anyway, it's the message, I agree with you about Crass' music being stuck in a rut, but kids who liked punk were obviously a bit rebellious and when Crass came along, they (me too) liked the music, but listened to the words and started to think about it and form their own ideas/bands/zines and they're still doing that, obviously you can slag them off for certain things because they're so extreme but they have a valid point and they're spreading the word. Incidentally what political stance does VAGUE take? I could never work it out. (Well that says it all really does'nt it. I'm a Neo-Nazi with shares in Rio-Tinto Zinc.)

I was going to send you a copy of my zine but no doubt you would have slagged it.(No doubt but it would have been nice if you had the guts to send it anyway.) By the way was that Falklands letter genuine?

Well that's about it,

Anarchy, Peace and freedom,

HEC 'STEPPING OUT'.

Tom wanking Vague,

I've heard so much about VAGUE. Oppinions were mixed but I wanted to see for myself. I've just read your fanzine advice/criticism/cynicism and now my carpet needs some type of revolutionary carpet cleaner especially formulated for vomit stains. So you're some sort of Messiah, the self-appointed God of the fanzine world, eh? (Yep! That's me, something along those lines anyway. Hope he's not going to get on his knees and get all humble now, like all my bleeding disciples. Oh good he's not..) Well I say 'Fuck you God'!(More fighting talk, good stuff)

You know nothing m'boy. You ought to start thinking now, you start your self-contradictions are so obvious I can't believe you don't feel embarrassed about yourself." We have an interest in Politics, Fanzines? What do you mean, we, who the fuck are you trying to tell... Ha! (Oooh, that's stopped my little game has'nt it) but hang on he goes on to say "must'nt be scared to draw any influence. Infact it should draw on any material."

So any influence and any material does'nt include politics or fashion then? (Nope! Look I dont think we're on the same wavelength here, why dont you come back when you've finished junior school) So how come you use the word, the generalisation ANY, after trying to tell me there are subjects u should'nt touch? Do you now realise how silly you sound, now that I've outlined it for you? To have no interest in politics, personal at least (Now I did'nt say that did I? If we're going to take everything literally word for word, like a good little socialist worker) means you have no interest in life.

You mention the word Anarchy, another political contradiction, as well as the word chaotic. You say the 'zine should be chaotic and yet a few lines later you feel like telling someone to improve their layout. (And why the fuck should'nt I? I dont tell anyone to do anything but I'm quite prepared to fight for my right and anyone elses' right to suggest anything that they want)

Another one, you endorse the statement 'Sink the whole corrupt capitalist mess they call the free world' after just saying a zine is'nt interested in any political sloganeering. (I'm sorry are'nt I allowed to say that unless I'm a fully paid up member of the SWP? I mean you dont have to be one of the Redskins to hate capitalism.) I could go on but I'm not going to waste any more time on a useless insignificant Nowter, who will obviously fade away, as I outlined in my rant on the Tube. (Gosh! How impressive.)

I've just read the rest of your zine and I could write page to you. I'll have to see you sometime to explain things to you like that work ethic article Ha ha. (Which again says it all really) VAGUE production is very good but the attitude behind it makes it futile, worthless and useless.

Swift kick, NEW SOUTH [illegible] (Not the real one of course, [illegible] are you little pooknay pervert) To get this letter into perspective you have to get a YOUTH fanzine. It really is [illegible] getting, the worst fanzine I've ever been [illegible] with that the two, [illegible] the Sick, Revolting Youth [illegible] more [illegible] thought of our mags nothing [illegible] but the thought of [illegible] print or some [illegible] become the [illegible] of us all. Heard that somewhere before.....

Hi MUDS! PUT ALL YOUR MONEY IN A POKEY BAG AND GIVE IT TO ME AT THE NEW

Virgin hip super market

HELLO SUCKERS! US WONDERFUL PEOPLE AT VIRGIN HAVE ARRIVED IN GLASGOW! WE CALL OURSELF VIRGIN BECAUSE WE LIKE TO ATTRACT CUSTOMERS THAT ARE YOUNG AND GULLIBLE (IF THEY HAD ANY FUCKING SENSE THEY'D RIP US OFF!) WHO WAS IT SANG 'DO YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY, TURNING REBELLION INTO MONEY'? FUNNY WE'RE LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK!! AND DON'T FORGET OUR NEW VIRGIN CREDIT SCHEME... BE HIP AND IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS IN EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS!! BRING YOUR GIROS, SMALL CHANGE YOUR GRANNY'S PENSION BOOK... WE'LL TAKE IT ALL!! BRING YOUR REBELLION AND WE'LL SELL IT BACK TO YOU!!... MUST GO NOW... THE RUSSIANS HAVE GOT SOME KIND OF REBELLION IN POLAND, AND THEY WANT ME TO COME OVER AND PACKAGE IT AND MAKE IT HARMLESS... SEE YA Richard Branson

SPECIAL OPENING OFFERS NEW LPS BY THE CASH AIDS HELEN O'CONNELL

Virgin WHO WANTS A DISTRIBUTION DEAL ANYWAY!

THE DEFINITION-NICKED FROM 'KYPP'

LAWLESS BRITAIN LAWLESS BRITAIN

"All the power is in the hands of people rich enough to buy it while we walk the streets looking for chicken to eat and everybody's doing just what they're told to and nobody wants to go to jail
Are you taking over or are you taking orders, are you going backwards or are you going forwards."
- if anyone doesn't know where that's from we've got bigger problems than I thought.

communications, y'know all that sort of stuff not to mention the starving millions. There is no enemy in capitalism except us people, we're the only ones who suffer and the only ones who can do anything about it.

day the arrest quota must have gone up in the hundreds. This gives a very false impression. The majority of the arrests were for such revolutionary acts as running across roads or sitting down on pavements.

Stop the City!

'IN THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD WAR IS BEING PLANNED + FINANCED. IN LONDON, THE BUSINESSES THAT PROFIT FROM THIS ARE CONCENTRATED IN THE CITY'. THE ARMS RACE STARTS HERE' reads the 'STOP THE CITY' handout. On September 29th of last year a few thousand people gathered in the City to make a peaceful protest against the people who profit from war. It was a sort of follow up and different approach to the blockades of US nuclear arms bases.

Better fill you in properly here on the background I 'spose and in order to do this I had to liberate great chunks of figures and stuff Penny Rimband's article in 'Punk Lives', I did write an article on 'Stop the City' for 'Zig-Zag' but before I read Penny's piece but the powers that be didn't see fit to print it. Any way I thought some of the points he made worth mentioning and I'd just like to say that article is the only decent thing ever to go in 'Punk Lives' but did you notice the way they censored the swear words? Pathetic!

Right, now I've got that out of the way, some facts; in 1983 Thatcher's government spent some £12,000 million on the British armed forces. That's something like £30 million a day, that's an awful lot of home brew, Disorder. Our Leaderne also gave the go-ahead to exports of arms, a trifling amount compared with Defence, somewhere in the region of £2000 million, £5 million a day. A large percentage of this went to our supposed arch enemy Argentina. That's before and after the Falklands fiasco. This all keeps the hypocritical circle of the arms biz going round. We export more arms abroad so we need to spend more on defence. At the expence of social services such as hospitals, schools, doing something about the inner cities, housing problems, roads,

September 29th 1983 was the day that the fat corrupt purveyors of this disgusting trade counted up their money and drooled over their profits. It was also the day that we decided to do something about it.

'STOP THE CITY' was no ordinary demonstration. Recently demos and marches have become ordered common place affairs, as much a part of the English way of life as cleaning the car on a sunday afternoon and lovable spikey tops ponsing 10p a off tourists. What made 'STOP THE CITY' different was nobody was telling you what to do. You could do as much as you thought you were capable of. Being there in the city was enough. That it took place there in the belly of the beast (well that's not bad, only one cliche so far) made it an important statement. An uprising of people who did'nt like the way things were and thought it was time they stood up for themselves and said NO! We've had enough!

And the authorities were'nt standing for that. The police were not just prepared for violence, getting the jackboot in was there natural policy. Behelmetted faces visibly lit up at the chants of 'Police Brutality!' The press deliberately played it down under that dodgy censorship bill they've got to stop riots spreading like in 1981. Not many people know that there was quite a juicy little riot in Bristol last year. Ever wished you were better informed?

City stopping proceedings began at 6AM when the early risers made the most impact, burning flags, smoke bombing tube stations and bringing traffic to a standstill outside the Bank of England. By 10 O'Clock there were about 3,000 people outside the Corn Exchange. By this time their had already been numerous arrests. By the end of the

STOP THE CITY was always a peaceful demonstration and even if any individuals wanted to be a little more active they soon realised that they did'nt stand a chance against the vicious tactics employed by the highly trained mercenaries of her majesties' constabulary. All you could do really was take the piss out of them by leading them on wild goose chases round the city's back streets.

You might have already guessed that I was not one of the early risers. I'm afraid the revolution will have to wait until I've had a good lie-in. When Chris and me had got to the Bank of England everyone had moved on and we thought we would be spending the whole day wandering about the City just missing the action each time. But after a brisk stroll we find the children of the London Uprising merrilly mocking the Lady Mayor's inauguration at the Guildhall and trying to disrupt the first hearings of those arrested in the morning. As Penny Rimbaud said "Rich men administering Rich men's law to maintain Rich men's order." Cant argue with that!

Unfortunately the only people we found with any real enthusiasm were the muesli back crew who tried to get everyone involved with the street theatre and suchlike. Sullen faced punks looked on, wanting to do something but reluctant to join in with the hippies pathetic fun and games. However the protestors were predominantly London's best punk squatters and mutant hippies with a sprinkling of CND groups from around the country. That's about as far as any political involvement went. CND was not officially involved because they thought it would be too violent.

Nor were Militant because they thought it would'nt be violent enough!

To quote Penny again, "STOP THE CITY' was a demonstration of individuals, by individuals for individuals...We were there to demand a future, our own Future." STOP THE CITY was only very loosely organised. It was like a giant anarchic carnival. There was more excitement and humour than any gig I went to last year. Maybe we did'nt take control of the situation (It would have been suicidal to try) or even disrupt the traffic too much but it was like stating your case, making your own decisions and refusing to be pushed around for once.

If the police forces of oppression reacted predictably not all the city workers were reactionary. Telecom workers had refused to work in the city, sorry Telecom I take it all back I'll never slag you off again when I cant find a phone that works and there were even 'Stockbrokers against the Bomb'. But on the whole the Bowler Hat brigade treated us with contempt, quite often fear and mostly ridicule, the same attitude as we have towards them really. This came out of one of the white foaming collars in the Evening Standard, "If these people want to be taken seriously they should dress sensibly and properly." Absolutely!

After the Guildhall action there was various attempts to halt rush hour traffic that were all soon thwarted by brutal 'SWANT' tactics from the police that were always threatening violence. When we tried to prevent the takings from the Stock Exchange from being shipped out, the pigs turned even uglier once more, by this time they had us heavily outnumbered but it was still made very obvious that if it came to the crunch (and for many it did) we were expendable but property and the sacred money God was not.

The final fling came about 5, when everyone converged on Wood St Police station, where people were being held without being allowed their right to a phone call. The forces of oppression suddenly turned nasty again without warning they crushed everyone against a wall and trampled protestors underfoot on horses frothing at the mouth with excitement. You can read that either way, it makes no difference. As they mounted us off for the final time I heard one constable calling back one of his over enthusiastic comrades; "Oh dear he's got the bloodlust again.' he said. Does'nt that make you feel safe when you're walking the streets. I only hope if I ever run into him or his sort that there's a friendly neighbourhood hooligan nearby to protect me.

We might not have won the war yet but it's only a matter of time and this particular battle was the best step forward for a long time. There were a lot of other things going off that we did'nt even know about at the time, 40 people had been arrested for entering a bank to 'open accounts', there was a 65 foot letter of Solidarity from supporters in Canada, Royal Exchange messengers had been prevented from working, restaurants had been stink bombed, Fur shops had been attacked, some people had spent the whole day jamming telephone lines to Banks and offices, there had been lie-ins, lock glueing, alternative decorations on various statues and already bands had volunteered to play Benefit gigs to pay off fines.

STOP THE CITY was only meant to be a one-off event but it meant so much to so many people that it had to be repeated. Besides it has become more than an event. I personally think about it all the time and what it means. Living in the CAPITAL and having to pass thru' BANK frequently, you're constantly bombarded by the material world - the capitalist disease - there's no escaping from it, no matter what you do. You become a parasite, running about in a massive computer programme. The sole purpose of which is oppressing and exploiting everything in it to produce PROFIT. I would never in a million years written anything like this before. But now I cant write about anything else. Is that concrete all around or is it in my head.

Actually that little outburst was just a good way of leading into STOP THE CITY 2 - the follow up to the first blockbusting movie - coming to your town SOON. Actually VAGUE is getting so fucking behind that we'll still be going on about the Chesterfield bi-election when the revolution's happening (perhaps we are?) Since the first one of course the show went on as planned. Our little american visitors moved in and some National Socialist bills were dug out, dusted off and put through parliament to centralise local government and give the police new toys to play with.

As you all well know it all came to a head at the end of march. The miners were out - ordinary blokes, who've never listened to the Sex Pistols, dyed their hair or touched illegal substances. The Fascist press worked overtime turning them into evil subversive hooligans. On March 28th London transport were out and the City ground to a halt for what was to be the first time in two days. That night our little american visitors were out - being taken for a sightseeing tour around the west country - And the Soon squad was out totally illegally evicting squatters in Effra Rd, Brixton.

Early the next day, March 29th, the pinstriped banks were once again infiltrated by dayglo spiky tops and soon the familiar Black flags were being raised outside the Royal Exchange. Before we got there (bit earlier this time) cars had been overturned, bank windows smashed and the Sun offices had been stormed by 50 demonstrators - the only sane people ever to enter there.

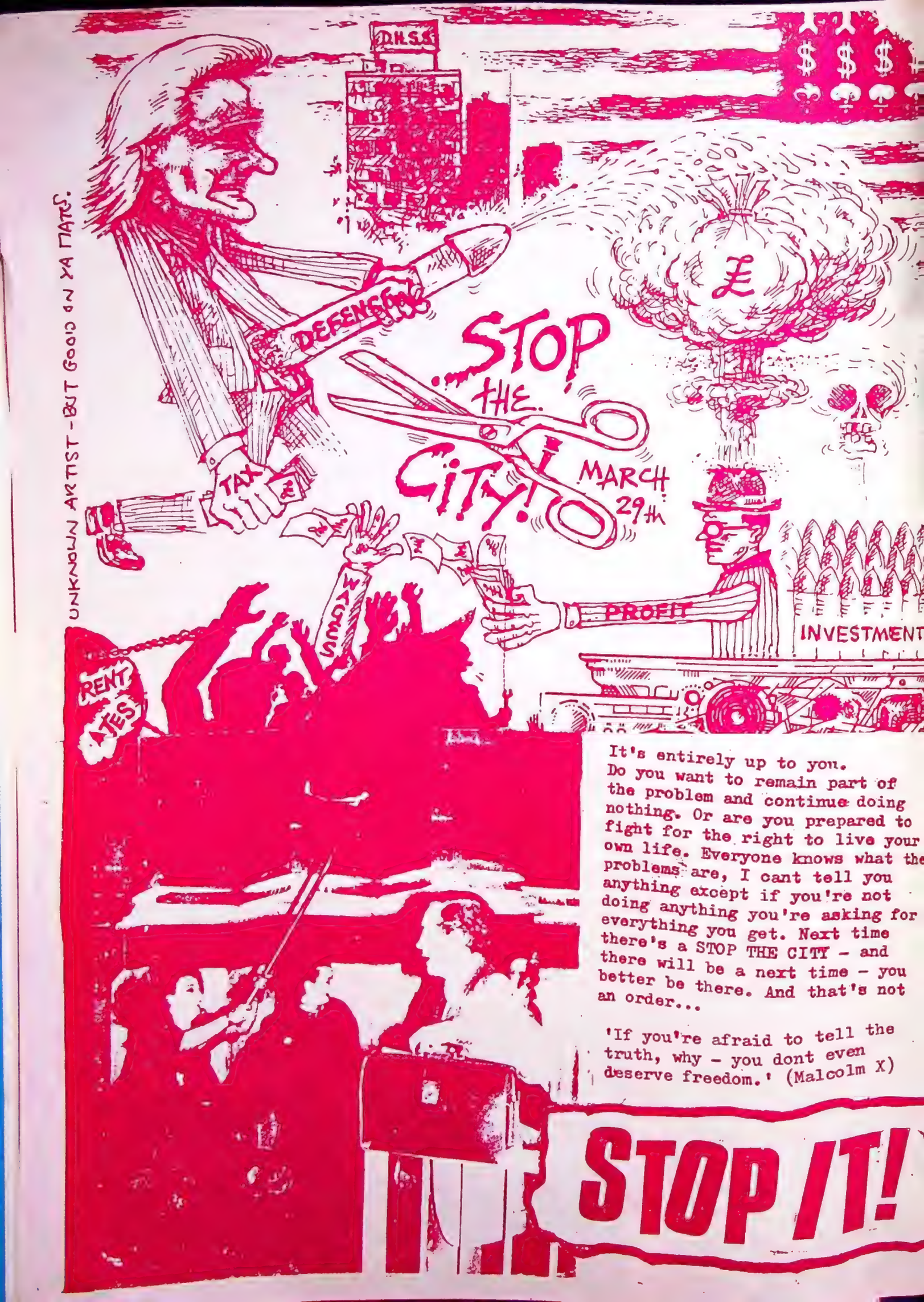
I did'nt know if there would be the same enthusiasm second time around (I know that justifiable paranoia put a lot of people off). On the bus going into the City - the traffic's come to more of a standstill than usual, so we jump off and walk the last bit. Getting that adrenalin rush again. Pinstripe fucking suits get out of the way. Hired thugs ouside all their poxy little banks. I promise to value money above Human life and pretend to believe in democracy and human rights. Police sirens in the distance. More incoming oppression.

We're at the Royal Exchange before we realise it. That feeling when we saw everyone. More than last time, a lot more. That sense of unity that I first got going to gigs, before all that got fragmented and everything became directionless. This is real confrontation not pretend within the confines of a concert hall. STOP THE CITY is a good a banner as any to bring individuals together again. It certainly cant be packaged although I see they've got Greenham badges and shirts now.

STOP THE CITY 2 was more well attended and consequently more well arrested -everyone I knew was well informed before I even got there - some of these people have so much enthusiasm and spirit - they get busted, raided, evicted, you name it and they could'nt give a shit. They wont take away their spirit like that, no way. As for me, if a pig so much as looks at me, I'm a paranoid mess for a week. Perhaps I have'nt got the courage of my convictions? An armchair anarchist with a typewriter?

I've got endless respect for those that favour direct action but any which way you can... it does'nt matter as long as you're doing SOMETHING. Bank windows got it particularly hard this time, notably Barclays - the naughty bank that deals with those even naughtier South Africans that dont exactly favour those of the coloured persuasion - I was told to put something to that effect by this bloke who did'nt believe that I did'nt have a bank account (with anyone) A few smoke bombs were flung around more for effect than to actually harm anyone - by the demonstrators that is, I cant say the same for the policewoman who made all the papers - infact she hit one of her senior colleagues (which gives me a good excuse for some headdropping, you know that WPC that got shot outside the Libyan embassy, I went to school with her! I always remember that she was rather short but not short enough huh? My sick jokes never work.)

The press were forced to pay more attention this time and reports are already coming in of mini-stop the city's in Bristol and Glasgow. We're getting heard but now we've got to get people to listen. The establishment is no longer frightened or even slightly bothered by wacky hair do's and outrareous pop groups (if it ever was?) But it was very much bothered by STOP THE CITY, it was shit scared at times.

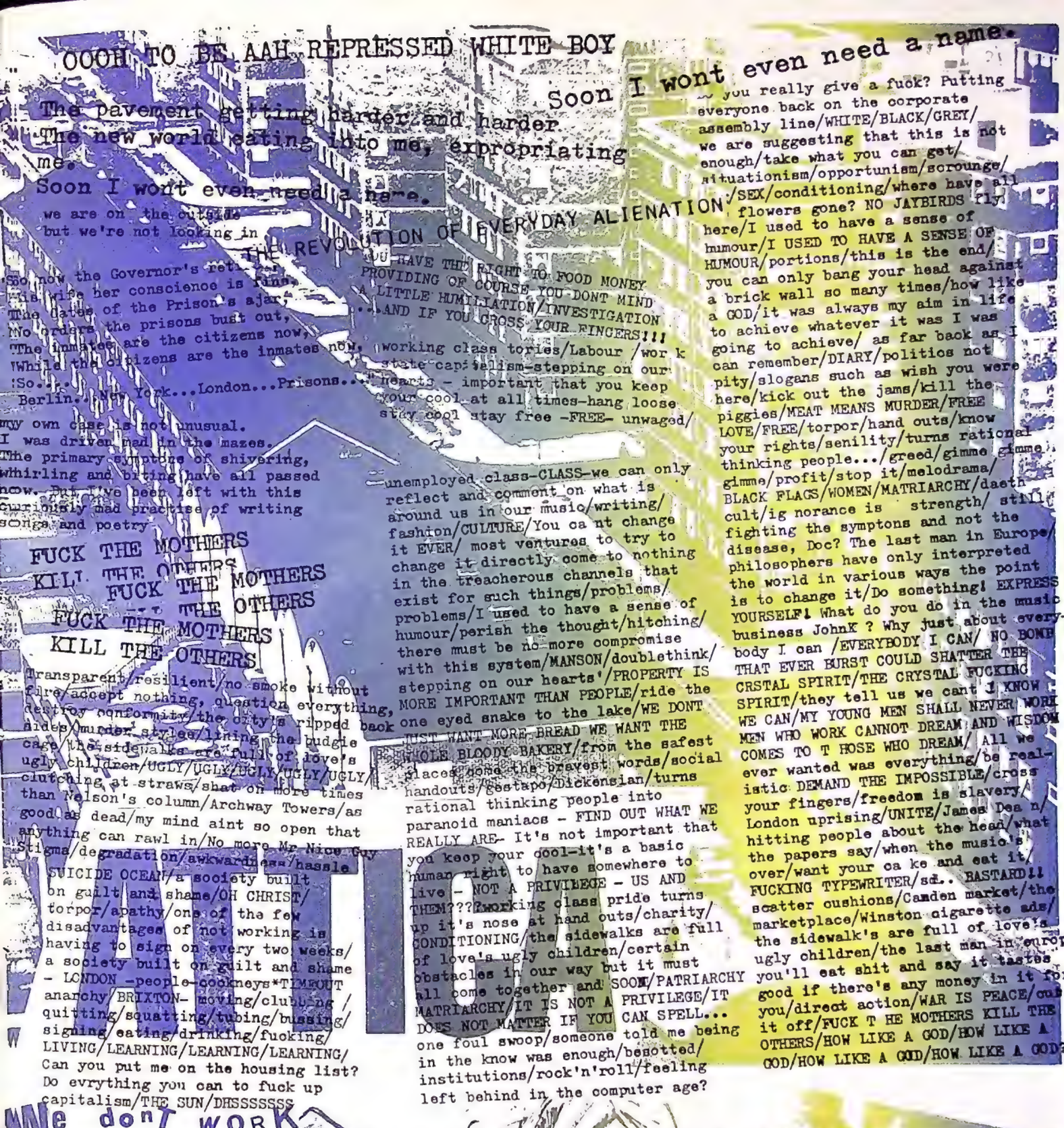


UNKNOWN ARTIST - BUT GOOD ON YA MATE.

It's entirely up to you.
Do you want to remain part of the problem and continue doing nothing. Or are you prepared to fight for the right to live your own life. Everyone knows what the problems are, I cant tell you anything except if you're not doing anything you're asking for everything you get. Next time there's a STOP THE CITY - and there will be a next time - you better be there. And that's not an order...

'If you're afraid to tell the truth, why - you dont even deserve freedom.' (Malcolm X)

STOP IT!



OOOH TO BE AAH REPRESSED WHITE BOY

Soon I wont even need a name.

The pavement getting harder and harder.
The new world eating into me, expropriating me.
Soon I wont even need a name.

we are on the outside
but we're not looking in

THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY ALIENATION

So now the Governor's retired,
his wife her conscience is fine,
The gates of the Prison s ajar,
The dates the prisons bust out,
No orders the prisons bust out,
The inmates are the citizens now,
The inmates are the citizens now,
Whild the citizens are the inmates now,
So...
Berlin...New York...London...Prisons...

my own case is not unusual.
I was driven mad in the mazes.
The primary symptoms of shivering, whirling and biting have all passed now. But I've been left with this curiously mad practise of writing songs and poetry

FUCK THE MOTHERS
KILL THE OTHERS
FUCK THE MOTHERS
FUCK THE OTHERS
FUCK THE MOTHERS
KILL THE OTHERS

Transparent/resilient/no smoke without fire/accept nothing, question everything, destroy conformity/the city's ripped back sides/murder styles/lining the budgie cage/the sidewalks are full of love's ugly children/UGLY/UGLY/UGLY/UGLY/UGLY/ clutching at straws/shat on more times than Nelson's column/Archway Towers/as good as dead/my mind aint so open that anything can rawl in/No more Mr Nice Guy Stigma/degradation/awkwardness/hassle SUICIDE OCEAN/a society built on guilt and shame/OH CHRIST/ torpor/apathy/one of the few disadvantages of not working is having to sign on every two weeks/ a society built on guilt and shame - LONDON -people-cockneys*TIMEOUT anarchy/BRIXTON- moving/clubbing / quitting/squatting/tubing/bussing/ signing/eating/drinking/fucking/ LIVING/LEARNING/LEARNING/LEARNING/ Can you put me on the housing list? Do evrything you can to fuck up capitalism/THE SUN/DHSSSSSSS

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO FOOD MONEY
PROVIDING OF COURSE YOU DONT MIND
A LITTLE HUMILIATION/INVESTIGATION
AND IF YOU CROSS YOUR FINGERS!!!

working class tories/Labour /wor k state capitalism-stepping on our hearts - important that you keep your cool at all times-hang loose stay cool stay free -FREE- unwaged/ unemployed class-CLASS-we can only reflect and comment on what is around us in our music/writing/ fashion/CULTURE/You ca nt change it EVER/ most ventures to try to change it directly come to nothing in the treacherous channels that exist for such things/problems/ problems/I used to have a sense of humour/perish the thought/hitching/ there must be no more compromise with this system/MANSON/doublethink/ stepping on our hearts'/PROPERTY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PEOPLE/ride the one eyed snake to the lake/WE DONT JUST WANT MORE BREAD WE WANT THE WHOLE BLOODY BAKERY/from the safest places come the bravest words/social handouts/Gestapo/Dickensian/turns rational thinking people into paranoid maniacs - FIND OUT WHAT WE REALLY ARE- It's not important that you keep your cool-it's a basic human right to have somewhere to live - NOT A PRIVILEGE - US AND THEM???working class pride turns up it's nose at hand outs/charity/ CONDITIONING/the sidewalks are full of love's ugly children/certain obstacles in our way but it must all come together and SOON/PATRIARCHY MATRIARCHY/IT IS NOT A PRIVILEGE/IT DOES NOT MATTER IF YOU CAN SPELL... one foul swoop/someone told me being in the know was enough/besotted/ institutions/rock'n'roll/feeling left behind in the computer age?

Soon I wont even need a name.

~ you really give a fuck? Putting everyone back on the corporate assembly line/WHITE/BLACK/GREY/ we are suggesting that this is not enough/take what you can get/ situationism/opportunism/scrounge/ /SEX/conditioning/where have all flowers gone? NO JAYBIRDS fly here/I used to have a sense of humour/I USED TO HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR/portions/this is the end/ you can only bang your head against a brick wall so many times/how like a GOD/it was always my aim in life to achieve whatever it was I was going to achieve/ as far back as I can remember/DIARY/politics not pity/slogans such as wish you were here/kick out the jams/kill the piggies/MEAT MEANS MURDER/FREE LOVE/FREE/torpor/hand outs/know your rights/senility/turns rational thinking people.../greed/gimme gimme gimme/profit/stop it/melodrama/ BLACK FLAGS/WOMEN/MATRIARCHY/daeth cult/ig norance is strength/ still fighting the symptons and not the disease, Doc? The last man in Europe/ philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways the point is to change it/Do something! EXPRESS YOURSELF! What do you do in the music business JohnK ? Why just about everybody I can /EVERYBODY I CAN/ NO BOMB THAT EVER BURST COULD SHATTER THE CRSTAL SPIRIT/THE CRYSTAL FUCKING SPIRIT/they tell us we cant I KNOW WE CAN/MY YOUNG MEN SHALL NEVER WORK MEN WHO WORK CANNOT DREAM AND WISDOM COMES TO T HOSE WHO DREAM/ All we ever wanted was everything/be realistic DEMAND THE IMPOSSIBLE/cross your fingers/freedom is slavery/ London uprising/UNITE/James Dea n/ hitting people about the head/what the papers say/when the music's over/want your ca ke and eat it/ FUCKING TYPEWRITER/sd.. BASTARD!! scatter cushions/Camden market/the marketplace/Winston cigarette ads/ the sidewalk's are full of love's ugly children/the last man in europe you'll eat shit and say it tastes good if there's any money in it for you/direct action/WAR IS PEACE/cut it off/FUCK T HE MOTHERS KILL THE OTHERS/HOW LIKE A GOD/HOW LIKE A GOD/HOW LIKE A GOD/HOW LIKE A GOD?

We don't work
WE JUST
Speed
Dear Vague,

I read an article about drugs in VAGUE 14. I want to react a bit to it. It started bloody well. I agree with the things you wrote about dope but what you wrote about speed is dope thing that turned away the good feeling I had about your article.

I agree that speed makes you get up off your bum. But I know too many people for whom it doesn't increase the IQ. Infact it fucks you up because you don't know what to do with that energy, so you usually end up being aggressive towards other people and get in fights over little things.

I also know punks that told me that I was'nt a punk because I did'nt even try to use it. Half of the punk scene was on speed and I didn't find it much fun. I don't need that kind of Punk. I think when you say that it makes you realise you too can make it, you don't need to be more intoligent - this is cheating yourself. Everytime you'll need it to get that proof again. I think you may need to use it because of lack of support, real support from others. Be more positive, accept each other more. That's what you've got to give and learn to have self confidence. Fuck being dependant on all this shit. You say yourself that the Fatmen just gets fatter. What about speed dealing? As bad as dope dealing.

Another thing I want to warn about is that people I know who used speed for a while were regularly getting flashbacks for at least a year after [illegible]. These flash [illegible]

Also a few of them have stomach ulcers from lack of enough vitamins because you hardly eat enough.

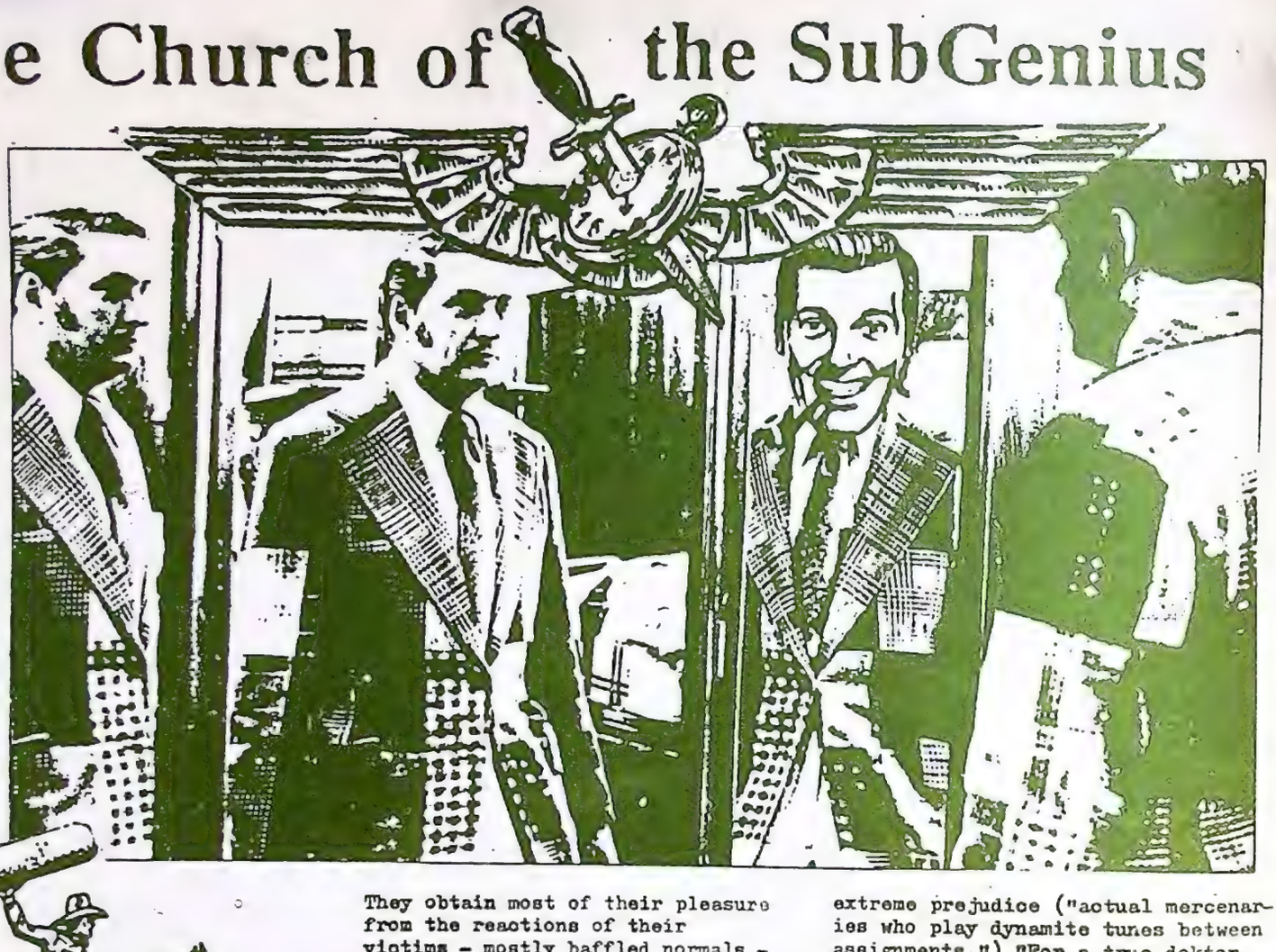
Hope you'll insert my letter and right you are with your last words in the article.

....Raymond,
Arnhem,
Holland.

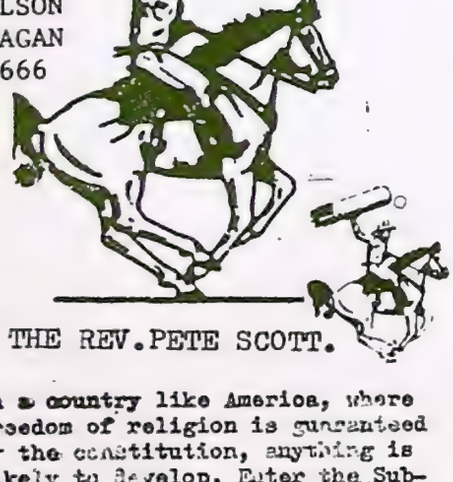
VAGUE: Letter duly inserted and You're absolutely right of course. I must have been really out of it when I wrote that crap. I'm not a strung out speed freak though, I'm just a bastard-mod offspring old punk with teeth to grind. Sorry I mean an are to grind. Write out a thousand times 'I must stop playing at being a two-bit Julie Burchill

Next week: the Sid I knew was no [illegible] Errors

The Church of the SubGenius



"Man cannot bear too much reality."



BY THE REV. PETE SCOTT.

In a country like America, where freedom of religion is guaranteed by the constitution, anything is likely to develop. Enter the SubGenius Foundation, billing itself as the weirdest cult on earth. What do they believe in ? A mysterious character known as Bob Dobbs, who, they claim, "is basically a pretty regular guy, just very rich and possessed by forces greater than man." Bob's 'two-fisted' pals are said to include Jesus, Krishna, Buddha and Elvis(!) His opposite number in the forces of evil is known as the dreaded anti-Bob 333.

The SubGenius cultists have had a field day inventing explanations for such things as the Kennedy and Lennon shootings. (Lennon they claim was'nt assassinated at all; he actually died of a drug overdose a split-second before being shot. "So in the end Chapman's bullets were wasted.")

They obtain most of their pleasure from the reactions of their victims - mostly baffled normals - and the resulting publicity. Their activities are pretty varied; they publish their own surreal humour fanzine, THE STARK FIST, and appear regularly on radio and cable TV across the States. They also organise parties, demonstrations, road-rants, studio-seances and weird 'anti-music' gigs at which the Foundation's resident bands and solo musicians cut loose.

The first of these church sanctified anti-music was hatched circa 1980 by Snavely Eklund, Sterno Keokhaver, Janor Hypercleats and Drelloid. (Note: all names used in this article are guaranteed 100% genuine.) This was the now-infamous Drs. 4 Bob, "the first band to use chainsaws and drawers full of broken car parts in their musical interpretations." These defrocked surgeons appeared at red-hot, spirit-filled revivals across the States, playing horribly calloused songs like DUMPER TRUCK FULLA DEAD POLICEMEN, BUCKET OF DRUGS, DEAD MEN LIVE IN SEWERS and TOLD THE JUDGE TO SUCK MY DICK. They soon inspired a legion of imitators and gave rise to a whole new style of Hellspew, abrasive to the point of brain-erasure.

There are now over twenty of these 'doktorbands' in existence, including such names as 2000 Doktors, Classmadness, The Band that dare not speak its name and Drs. for extreme prejudice ("actual mercenaries who play dynamite tunes between assignments.") "For a true doktorband to succeed," a press release reveals, "few if any of the members should be adept with the musical instruments they use in their trance-sessions. One expert musician on his chosen instrument wont hurt. More than that, however, and the musicians will begin to make the fatal mistake of TRYING."

The Reverend Ivan Stang, the Foundation's leading scribe, recently sent me a letter in which he explained the doktorband syndrome in greater detail. "The thing about the doktorbands is that they have interchangeable personnel," he wrote "For instance, a couple of members of Drs. 4 Bob might end up visiting The Band that dare not speak its Name, and do more taping than either group would do seperately. There's also the various revivals and stage shows, where various lone doktors will all end up on the same stage, ranting and chanting and whatever, so you almost never get the same 'sound' twice."

Most doktorbands will make use of whatever instruments come to hand: not just guitars and drums, but children's toy instruments, tables, golf clubs, food blenders full of empty beer cans - anything. Their songs tend to follow a set pattern: 'I need some weed and a blowjob' by 1000 Doktors consists mainly of the phrase "I need some weed and a blowjob" chanted over a hideous primal riff. On the other hand 'I just wanna die' by Drs. for Anubis, consists mainly of the

phrase "I just wanna die" chanted over a hideous primal riff. Meanwhile 'How many more times do we have to play this same song' by the Band that dare not speak its name consists mainly of...well, you get the idea. Most of this material falls into a hit-or-miss, see-saw pattern. You either get a good song or a bad song now and then, depending on the ebb and flow of the band's creative juices. But that's the great thing about conceptual music, isn't it? No one really gives a shit one way or the other.

According to Ivan Stang, "none of the doktorbands are trying to do the rock'n'roll thing. They dont try to get gigs and least of all are they trying to do listenable music. They just turn on the instruments and tape decks and try their damndest to do only what Bob leads them to, randomly. Spontaneous ranting is a big part of it. We only hope that what we rant is either funny or horribly true or both."

This spontaneous, dont give a shit approach often provokes extreme reactions. When they appeared at a club in Boston, Stang and his cohorts were pelted with beer bottles by a huge crowd of 'dopey college-boy hooligans'. Their response was characteristic: "We challenged anyone in the audience to get up onstage and fight us," Stang later wrote, "and not one of them had the sense of showmanship to do it. It was twelve SubGeniuses versus 500 humans and the Club management, and we won! We left the stage, yes, but we got paid, Praise Bob."

In addition to the various doktorbands there are also many SubGenius-affiliated groups who perform pre-written songs using traditional instruments and values. These include the Gun Klowns, the Butt Plugs, the Shitty Beatles and best of all the Fabulous Pink Boys, whose repertoire/song-list is based around such fast-paced punk neo-classics as 'Bob can fuck', 'Face the music' and 'Put your hands on the radio'.

The scope of the SubGenius phenomenon is wide and varied, ranging from the sheer bloody NOISE of the anti-music bands, to the gentle acoustic ditties of Glassmadness (apparently a solo performer, not a group) D.K.Jones creates juddering electronic music, while the Chicago-based People's Temple specialize in funky-type soul muzak - the kind of thing that trendy white FACE readers listen to in order to feel temporarily less caucasian. There's something for everyone here, especially those who subscribe to the noise-is-for-heroes/music-is-for-sereos ethic. "Doktormusic is not some fad-ish movement meant to replace punk," says a SubGenius press release, "nor is it merely a small-time cult phenomena fated to replace ALL music. No, it is actually the DYNAMO which transforms all human reality while sounding like a thousand sci-fi writers overdosing on acid to a background of 5000 tibetan monks chanting in a parking lot full of car radios between channels turned all the way up." Pretty persuasive stuff.

There are no half measures here; no pseudo-arty conceptual congames a la Residents or Devo (infact Devo stole most of their best ideas from Bob) nor are the SubGeniuses simply playing at being WEIRD like Genesis P-Orridge and his Temple Ov Psychic Youth cronies. Instead the Foundation offers a complete, off the peg belief system, pre-shrunk and ready to wear. A handy manageable cosmology. MORE than just a religion. A real skull-popper - makes you twitch in your sleep. Instant installation by professionals. THRILL to God's FEARFULNESS. Hundreds of hilarious alien manipulators and hideous conspiracy revelations. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES!

There are now around thirty SubGenius cassettes available, most of which contain tracks by a variety of anti-music bands, interspersed with rants, chants and hilarious spoken routines like 'Clive is a skullfarmer' by Ivan Stang, or 'Cut your dick off to prove youre a man' by Janor Hypercleats. You can get in touch with the foundation by writing directly to; PO Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214, USA. Send 'em an International money order for $12 and ask for a sample of one of their 'Bobsongs' or 'media barrage' cassette albums. I guarantee you wont be dissappointed.

For a further $20 you can even buy your way into the Foundation. In return you'll recieve some of the funniest quasi-mystical bullshit ever conceived by the mind of man, including a membership card which gives you the right to do ANYTHING YOU CHOOSE! It's also highly official looking. No other religious order can make such an extravagant claim.

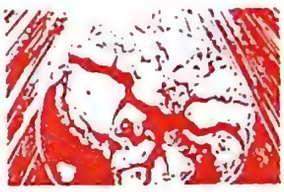
Can you really afford to miss out on all this? Join the SubGenius Foundation and you too can perform marriages, exorcisms, seances, sacrifices, smitings, miraculous healings, cattle mutilations and deprogrammings. No fake - this is utterly REAL! The world ends tomorrow AND YOU MAY DIE!!

CONTACT ALIENS.

— both benevolent *and* evil.
They reveal themselves to the worthy.

Details $1.
The SubGenius Foundation
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

The SubGenius Citizenship Pledge



I refuse to recognize my membership in the human community.

I declare my allegiance to the SubGenius Race ethnically all-encompassing but biologically post-human) and to my own household kingdom, while severing all ties with enemies of the SubGenii *(including myself if need be)* except where fiscally required.

As a member of this mutant empire, my first concern is Slack for myself, my family and friends. Therefore:

I will promote divisions and wars among non-SubGenii:

I will work to cast out the False Prophets.

I will work to erase the Conforming Instinct.

I will work for Time Control in my own life:

— to become an OverMan!

— for my own sake, to preserve this planet from destruction except for the proper reasons!

— to unmask the Conspiracy and install a strict anarchy or formal chaos!

— to placate the Stark Fist of Removal!

— to extend SubGenius endurance by indulging in excesses of every kind!

— to prevent humanity from ever acting with a common will!

— to grip the reins of evolution!

— to welcome and exploit the Angelic Host from Planet X!
and to meet the needs of SubGeniuses everywhere whenever it profits myself.

I pledge that I will not actually "work" at any of the above; I pledge moreover that I will never voluntarily allow any shortness of Slack into my home, temple, Fane, cathedral, chapel, Shrine, priory, abbey, friary, convent, monastery, or place of business.

"You'd pay to know what you really think."

$1

P.O. 140306, Dallas, Tex. 75214

J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

"Pull the wool over your own eyes."

Send $1.00

P.O. 140306, Dallas, Tex. 75214

J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

The Church of the SubGenius™

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AN ADVERTISMENT

Viz COMICS

I SUPPOSE IT'S MEAN'T TO BE FUNNY

Containing such vizual gems as ROGER MELLIE (THE MAN ON THE TELLIE), PAUL WHICKER - THE TALL VICAR, PATHETIC SHARKS, BIG VERN, AND 45p (including postage and packing) payable to C DONALD from Viz House, 16 Lily Cres., Newcastle upon Tyne 2.

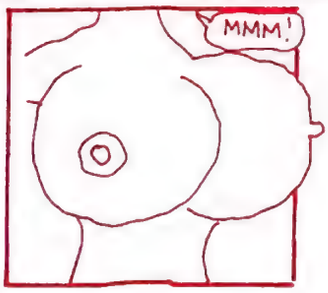
AMERICAN EXPRESS

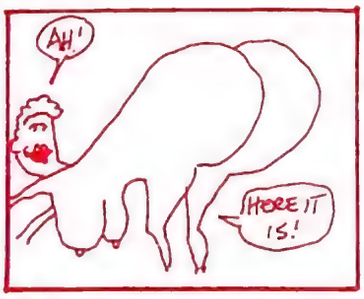
BARCLAYCARD VISA

Mr. Pointless Swearing in VULGAR DRIVEL

FEATURING OBSCENE WORDS LIKE TWAT!!

MARY WHO LOSES THINGS BY CHUCK BENSON





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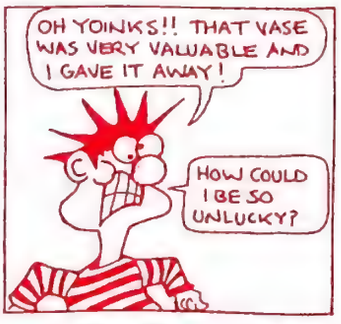
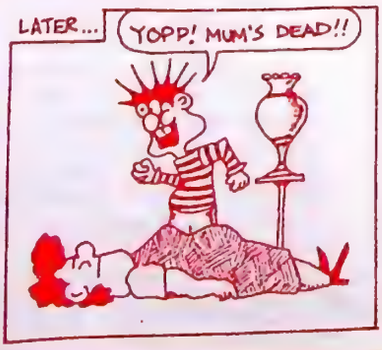
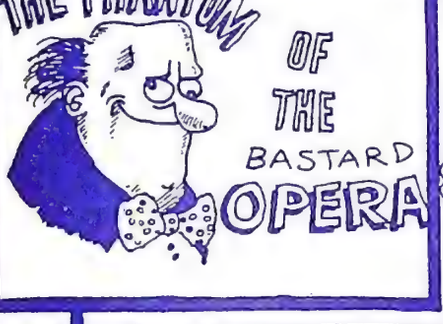
LUCKY FRANK

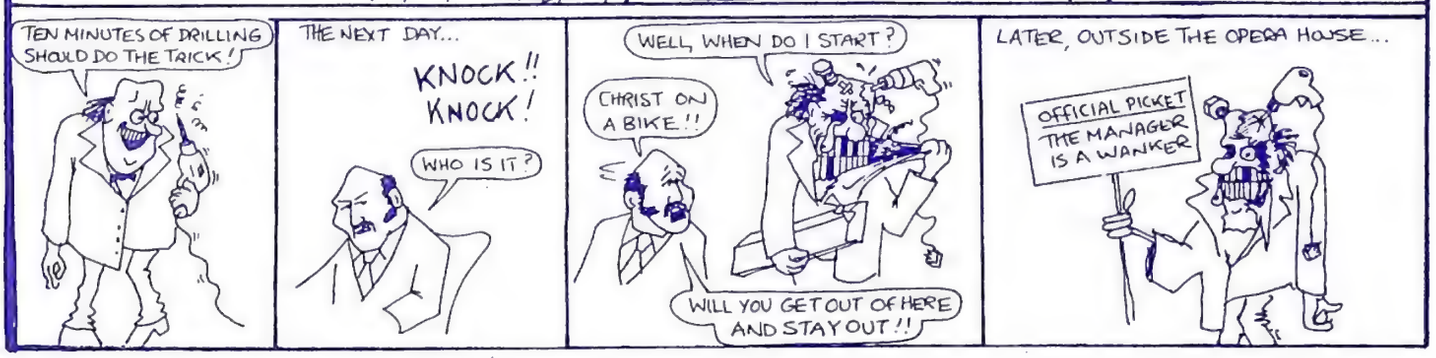




NAFF LAYOUT c/o VAGUE

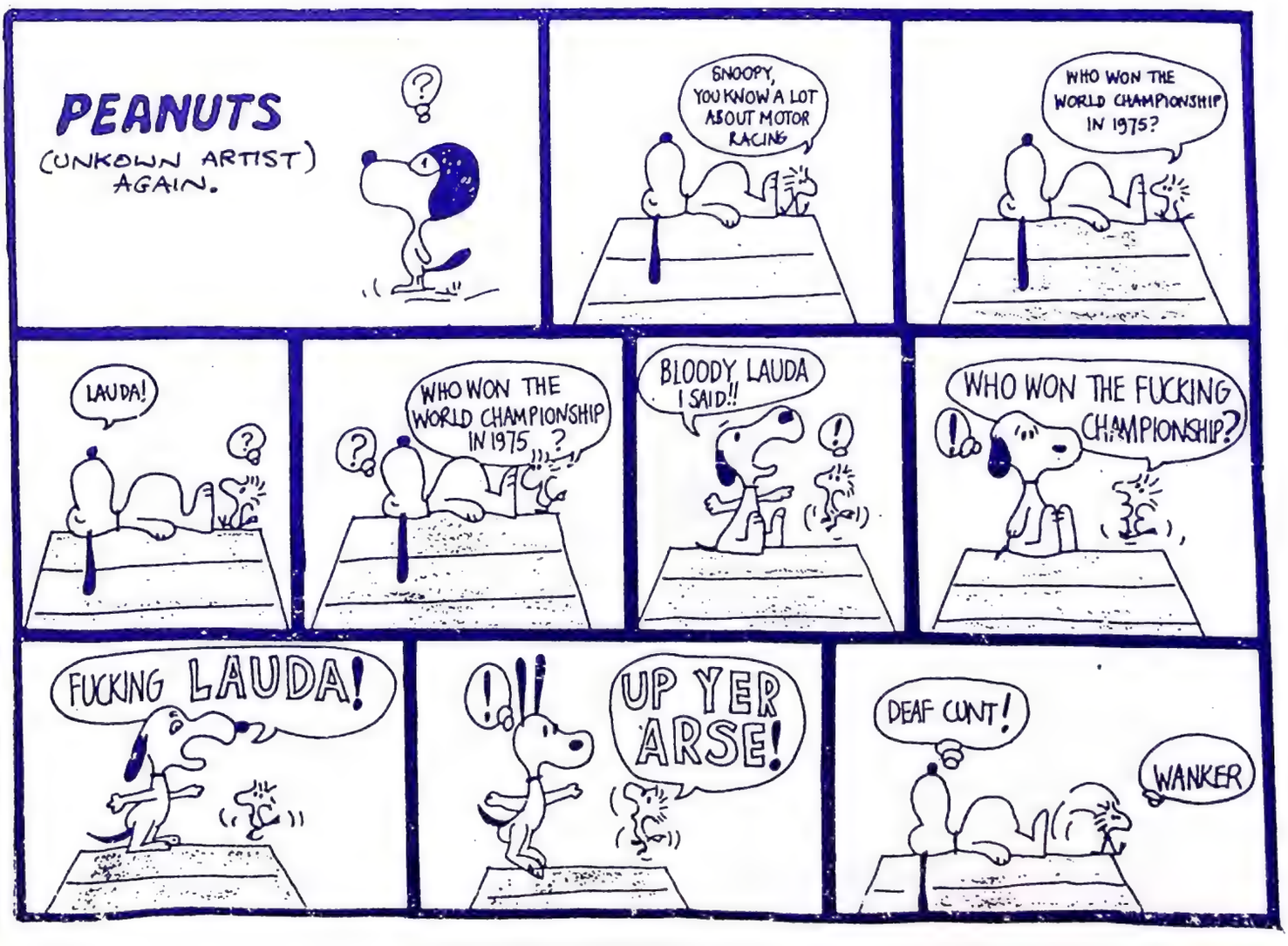
THE PHANTOM OF THE BASTARD OPERA





PEANUTS

(UNKOWN ARTIST) AGAIN.



Fear Swept the Polsides

"MR AND MRS AMERICA - YOU ARE WRONG, I AM NOT KING OF THE JEWS, NOR AM I A HIPPIE CULT LEADER. I AM WHAT YOU HAVE MADE OF ME AND THE MAD DOG DEVIL KILLER FIEND LEPER IS A REFLECTION OF YOUR SOCIETY.... WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF THIS MADNESS THAT YOU CALL A FAIR TRIAL OR CHRISTIAN JUSTICE, YOU CAN KNOW THIS: IN MY MINDS EYE MY THOUGHTS LIGHT FIRES IN YOUR CITIES..."

(Statement issued by Charles Manson after his conviction for the Tate/LaBianca murders.)

MANSON

On October 17th 1969 the Los Angeles police dept. arrested a group of hippie vagrants on charges of auto theft. Little did the LAPD know that what would unfold over the next few weeks would dominate the press for over a year and would result in the longest trial ever recorded in the entire history of the United States and would ultimately scar the american way of life until the day it ceases to exist..

One of the arrests made at the time was that of Charles Manson - he would later bee charged with the murders of Abigail Folger, Voytek Frykowski, Sharon Tate, Jay Sebring,, Steven Parent, leno and Rosemary LaBianca.

"NO SENSE MAKES SENSE"
(Charles Manson 1969)

MOTIVES:
If listed, the possible motives would lengthen this article by at least another two issues (which may well happen - this is only the beginning. Ed.
So here are just the main ones:

IN MY MINDS EYE MY THOUGHTS LIGHT FIRES IN YOUR CITIES...

I) Manson was SUPPOSED to have thought there was going to be a revolution and that the Beatles were sending him messages via 'The White Album', saying he was the catalyst for the revolution. The Black community was going to rise and wipe out all the other races except for the Manson Family - who would be hiding in the desert. Once they had killed everyone else the Black people would not know how to run the new world. So they would come and ask Charlie to lead them!

This motive, was dreamed up by Vincent Bugliousi (the prosecutor at the trial) and taken seriously by the judge and jury - who convicted Manson on the strength of it - despite it being at least as bizarre (if not more) than the events leading up to it!

HEALTER SKELTER

2) Bobby Beausoliel and Susan Atkins (both members of the Family), had been charged with murdering Garry Hinman - In order to prove their innocence, the Manson Family performed copy-cat murders - so that the police would release Bobby and Susan, thinking that they were innocent and the real killers were still at large. Hence the writing on the walls and tying up of the victims.

There are lots of other suggested motives, incriminating Roman Polanski (husband of Sharon Tate) who was supposed to be going through a bad patch with his wife.

MUSIC:
An album of early Manson songs is, although very rare, available. Apparently there are about 500 copies in existance on the ESP label and also a [illegible] bootleg of it.

The recordings are poor quality but the songs, especially the lyrics, are very good. His lyrics are protests and opinions [illegible] woven together. Some songs like 'Garbage Dump' have a touch of humour in them.

Manson wrote a song called 'CEASE TO EXIST', which the late Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys ripped off. The lyrics are almost identical to the original Manson version. [illegible] on the 20/20 album. [illegible] was at one time a close friend of Manson's.

LIFE ON THE RANCH
Before the fatal incidents Charlie lived on the Spahn Ranch in a remote part of [illegible] with the Family.

The Family consisted of young girls that had left home or been thrown out. There were not as many men as girls, the one's that were there were mainly drawn by the easy life style.

Together they used to customise DUNE BUGGIES and arrange games where everyone would drop acid and act out their fantasies. Some people suggest a theory that the murders in '69 were one of the Family games that went too far...

GETTING THE FEAR was a phrase that Manson used. It is a form of self induced paranoia (Manson admired the coyotte - an animal that is in a constant state of total paranoia) : they would break into people's houses at night (the Family not the coyotes) when the occupants were asleep in bed, and not steal anything but just re-arrange the furniture. The idea is there is nothing to fear but fear itself.

"THE FEAR HITS YOU IT'S LIKE WALKING ON WAVES OF FEAR."

"THESE ARE YOUR CHILDREN AND THEY COME AT YOU WITH KNIVES."
(Charles Manson 1969)

BOBBY BEAUSOLIEL was the first of the Family to bee arrested in '69. He was charged with the murder of Gary Hinman. Before he joined the Family he was the boyfriend of Kenneth Anger (the magician and author of 'Hollywood Babylon' and film director. Beausoliel co-starred in one of his films with Marriane Faithfull.

SUSAN ATKINS (Aka. SADIE) was jailed along with Beausoliel. She was later charged with killing Tate. She had told a cell mate about the Tate murders and that led to the cell mate telling the police and eventually the arrest of Charlie...

"MY REALITY IS MY REALITY AND I STAND WITHIN MYSELF IN MY OWN REALITY"
(Charles Manson 1969)

The Manson trial began in the summer of [illegible] and went on to become the longest [illegible] trial ever [illegible] already [illegible] that - [illegible]. The members of the FAMILY that were'nt charged staged demos outside the court every day of the trial. They would give passers by literature professing Charlie's innocence. Manson requested to defend himself but the judge refused the request and after many arguments Charles Hollopeter was appointed [illegible]. At one stage in the trial a mistrial was nearly announced because President Nixon said that he was guilty (before the verdict) and the Times used it as a banner headline. Manson somehow got hold of the paper and held it up infront of the jury. In any other trial an immediate mistrial would have been called for but the judge decided that it would not influence the jury's decision - [illegible]

One Linda Kasabian underwent a mental examination before she gave evidence against Charlie and although she admitted to taking over 1,000 tabs of acid over a 2 year span she was said to bee stable and allowed to give evidence. [illegible] was'nt even sure if she had [illegible] ped any acid the night of the murders! [illegible] TRIAL!

WHERE [illegible]?
CHARLES MANSON was found guilty and sentenced to death. But fortunately Capital Punishment in that state was abolished before they got him. He is now in Vacaville playing his guitar. Apparently he is still in communication with Squeaky, another member of the Family. He was interviewed for american TV by Ron Snyder where he announced that he was in the process of writing his autobiography.
CHARLES MANSON, a product and victim of our society...

SUSAN ATKINS was found guilty, also sentenced to death and also escaped it. She is now a devout born again christian. She's written two books on the subject. She's still in an open prison where she somehow met a millionaire and eventually married him.

BOBBY BEAUSOLIEL is also still in prison. He is now apparently a member of the Aryan brotherhood.

LYNETTE FROMME (Aka. SQUEAKY) was found guilty of attempted assassination of President Ford. She is still in prison and still in contact with Charlie.

VINCENT T. BUGLIOSI - the district attorney at the Manson trial - went on to write a book and film about Manson - full of as much fabrication as was the trial.

"YOU CAN KILL THE [illegible]
YOU CAN KILL THE PRIDE
YOU CAN [illegible] WANT, THE DESIRE OF HUMAN BEING.
YOU CAN LOCK HIM IN A CELL AND YOU CAN KNOCK OUT HIS TEETH AND SMASH HIS BRAIN, BUT YOU CANNOT KILL THE SOUL!"

"YOU CAN SEND ME TO THE PENITENTIARY, IT'S NOT A [illegible].
I'VE BEEN THERE ALL MY LIFE ANYWAY.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN?
THESE ARE JUST A FEW
THERE ARE MANY, MANY MORE COMING RIGHT AT YOU."
(Charles Manson 1969)

Any threatening letters please send name and address and we'll deal with you personally - just think if it was'nt for people like you things like this would never happen.

Threats [illegible] re-arrangements or Manson [illegible] (£1.50 + 50p p&p) write to BEE, [illegible] 51 [illegible] Lane, Bradford, [illegible] Yorks.

...the grotesque warders keeps banging his baton against my cell door - as he tells me, "you should'nt have killed those people, you did'nt have any reason. They were nice, happy people who did'nt do you any harm. But now you're in here for good. You'll never get out." I dont mind the warder lecturing me and spitting at me - I could easily make him stop - I dont mind being locked up in this cell. I feel secure and free from the oppression of the outside world - But I wish he would stop banging on the door....the warder starts to speak again, only this time it's a young girl's voice, saying, "you told me to wake you up, you said you were going somewhere."

Urgh, right, "just wait 'till I get this tennis ball out of my mouth...thanks." Fragments of hastily made plans come jarring into my mind. I was going to a gig...the aborted Clowns gig at the Bingo Hall...that's already happened (or rather not happened) T'was a good night. I remember vagrants and puppies rejoicing and revelling late into the night, recalling wondrous tales, planning new pranks and swilling vast amounts ofDisorder's home-brew. Then there's one of those frightening blanks, presumably I walked backbut I'm not entirely sure about that...the next day I was going to hitch to Warminster to see the old Paragon renegades who are holed up there - before I go to Exeter to interview Getting the Fear. I have'nt done any of that yet so that must be where I'm going...

Throw some things into the trusty Vague bag - dont know why I'm being so nice about it - it's a bastard - the straps always digging into my shoulder/I can never find anything in it and this time I've got to take my bastard cassette as well - that's going to have a lot of fun, finding different ways of digging into my side and making me generally uncomfortable and irritable - we all stumble on a bus to Hammersmith - London throws everything it's got at me before I escape; a tragic old dosser who freaks infront of me, hordes of high pitched grange hill bratts and of course legions of saturday shoppers/but I wont dwell on that -blank it all out like everyone else does in the city/concentrate on getting out : The Hammersmith flyover - my favourite place in London - and before long I've put some mileage between myself and the Beast. My first lift was off a thoroughly decent chap and that put me off guard for the next, a mechanic who if language be the dress of thought is still in flares and indeed he was. I could 'nt be bothered to explain that I did 'a bit of writing' so I just said I was on the dole but it did'nt bother me because I did'nt want to work anyway. The wrong thing to say. "Oh, bet you'd get a job soon enough if they stopped the dole...but it's not your fault it's all them bloody niggers over here - taking our jobs!" Er, next turn-off/which happens to be Basingstoke/a veritable hell on earth for hitch-hikers or anyone for that matter - just dont go there under any circumstances - fucking red-neck shithole - nice little spikeys with mum and dad - must'nt pick that horrible person up - he might corrupt our off-springs. Damn Right! And I'll fuck the mum and kill the dad given half a chance! The only decent person I saw in Basingstoke was the copper who moved me on from the m-way r-about. My biggest mistake of the day was accepting my next lift- but I would have accepted a lift off the entire 'Game for a laugh' team to get out of that place. Immediately get bad vibrations off this silent mach sorta bloke and my hitching intuition proved correct as I find myself dumped on the m-way with a, "Get out and hitch a lift off a police car." No time to think about it/another brush with the law would be pushing it/climb over a fence and walk across the fields - not too bad - my bag gets a bit heavy and the creep in the car - I hate cars - left a sour memory in my mind but it's great not to see any buildings or cars, just fields and trees, actually find myself watching crows flying about, gauss this is how you start to become a hippy (START to become a hippy?) The country used to bore me stupid when I lived in it but now - I got so into it that I somehow came back onto the wrong road - fuck knows how I did it but from past experience I should have known - it's pretty mental where the M3 ends.

I'm doing very well so far am'nt I? But as I usually find with hitching and life - interconnected - 'when I get to the bottom, I go back to the top of the slide.' There's a definate rule that you have a few long waits and bad lifts and then you get some good quick ones. A nice M-class lefty mum with a brain (something sadly lacking in most lift's craniums) and the rarest of lifts, someone I would talk to anyway, even if I did'nt have to, a very old hippy who entertains me with memories of free festivals and Soul before Motown - and I'm in Salisbury, the nearest I've been to home in a longtime, watch the sun set over a village cricket pitch by a little church. This is England, my roots, not too bothered about getting a lift. A young boy goes past on a bike singing 'My Generation' and a girl says hello and I think to myself what a wonderful world!

An army captain, another nice human despite his occupation takes me the rest of the way to Warminster. To the very portals of the Paragon renegades local. After awhile they strowl in on a cloud of sensimilia looking to all the world like a bastardised Small Faces and every thing is chaos once again - for the next two nights everything is lost in arguments with a dub-soundtrack, about who is going to put me up/whose garage we're going to have a party in/whether the Who were sincere or not/whose going to come to Exeter with me - nobody did in the end - so I cram my gear in my bastard bag and stagger thru' the drowsy streets of Warminster - a silly place - the mentalist town in the west - onward to the A303 - that shaft of tarmac that goes right into the gob of the elephant (that's not freudian, that's surreal geography) The first human I engage in conversation this day is an old ted trucker - just mention that I do something to do with music and he's telling me about when he worked with Gene Vincent and the Beatles (when they wore leathers) - not a bad bloke but it's easy to see why Macca owns half of Scotland and he's driving milk tankers - There's an altogether better atmosphere than there was on the first stretch - out of the tanker and straight into a sports car with a neanderthal squaddie and a 'ANDY + MANDY' sunstrip - which means I have to go all the way to Exeter with 'MANDY' stuck across my head - conversation is decidedly tricky, "Get about much?" "Yeah, just back from the Falklands." "...Oh, nice out there is it?" Just after that it came over the radio that the Greenham women were being evicted. Neither of us made any comment. No FT?

Exeter is enjoying a freak warm spell, you could walk about in a T-shirt and of course there's seatshirts, jumpers, macs, etc, etc, adorning the much sought after vague torso. Decide to get lost for a laugh and wander aimlessly around Exeter in the hope that I might come accross a decent caff - note:there are NO greasy joe cafes in Exeter, none at all - or even the University!

After my bag has done it's worse I do eventually come accross the seat of learning for the privileged few and even bump into Jeffries, one of the more together ex. paragon people, whose doing sociology or something - partake in an experiment for one of her friends thesis on reactions to touch - dont worry it's not going to get rude this is a FAMILY show - loiter about reading 'Despatches' and imagining myself hacking up students until the boys arrive - freak them out and in turn they freak me with a startling performance.

Afterwards I force the buggers into the dressing room and I get my interview out of the way - albeit totally out to lunch - have'nt dropped any names yet have I? Before the interview Bee introduced me to an old friend who had come down to see them, Sue Stevens, the girlfriend of David Martin who was in Stephen Waldorf's car when the police decided to test out the safety belt law; do people fall out of the seat when you shoot them? No they dont - you've got to kick them about a bit still.

We all get thrown out of the University and I get dragged into a dune buggy burn up round the car park. The hotel looks a bit wild so I make my way to Jeffries place/where I still get into an ongoing all night situation/so much for sleeping/find that her friend, the touch thesis one is a grate Mick Mercer fan and they've

DUNE BUGGY ATTACK BATTALION

BLINE BUGG
ATTACK BATTALION

t every issue of ZigZag so I
usis I owe it to them.

'The next morning I'm happily
nd ering along the side of a
al carriageway - I like Exeter -
ren a familiar looking buggy pulls
rer narrowly missing me and I'm
ndled into the back and taken
f to Birmingham - for what foul
rpose anyone would do such a
ing I'm not sure but I think
's got something to do with
tting of the Fear.

You hear people say that a
ndi nearly scared them to death
t seldom do they mean it
terally. Unfortunately I do.
fall into a false state of
laxation and start to point out
ghts of cosmic significance to
rry and Bee. Buzz despite his
torious track record is taking
ll advantage of the latest hap-
ss hired buggy to fall into his
ndis. It's one of those cars,
for get the make, that's so
ooth you dont realise how fast
u're going.

I think we were doing some-
erre in the region of a 120 when
nootice some commotion in the
ront. I make the mistake of
eering round the headrest and
e this stalled car slap bang
front of us. With a few swift
lculations I come to the horri-
ying conclusion that we're going
stop (in the very near future)
ughly halfway through the stat-
onary vehicle infront. Stopping
'nt the problem though. That
eems to be inevitable. It's what
rt of condition the car's g oing
be in when we do, not to mention
r bodies.

So as some of our maker's prettier
esations prepare to meet him (the
nod are'nt bad looking either), Buzz
yes something like, "Oh No, this is
e END!" and applies the brakes the
sit he can. My stomach drops, my
art is in my mouth and my past
gins to go through my mind,
rituously slow; playing on a hill/
tching England winning the World
p and then breaking both my arms/
tting bullied at school and my dad
shing my mouth out with soap and
asing me up the garden with a
tchet/hearing a noisey record at
party/ripping up my school uniform/
aving school/dancing/sex in the back
a car/getting beaten up a lot/a
nny man dressed in leather with
ite make-up/following him for
me reason/drugs/demonstrations/
poewriters/squats/police/Oh stop
ease stop.....I dont remember
sing out but I must have because
e next thing I know we're in
rmingham, but it does'nt seem
ke Birmingham, I'm enjoying my-
lif, dancing about and talking to
ts of people who I know but I'm
t sure from where. They're every-
ere. They're always everywhere
se people...and then I must leave.
is is all happening very quickly.

I'm in the middle of a vast
mplex of roads with two eastern
incesses - an unusual man comes
ong with a scouse accent but for
me reason I think he's american.
's got short hair and he tells me
's been away for a longtime. He
ems particularly interested in
e girls. I'm at first protective
t I grow to like him - I wonder
where Bee and the others have gone.
I'm now in the back of a truck with
the american. Then he's gone and
the eastern princesses have gone.
I'm all on my own at Nutford
services - if this is Heaven I want
OUT - but this is some weird Heaven.
Next I'm in a car with a man who's
telling me he did the cover for
Pink Floyd's 'Wish you were here'
and what's more I'm admitting to
buying it when it came out. I must
be dead. I would never admit to
that if I was alive.

Piccadilly, Manchester, what
a strange place to go to on this
journey or whatever it is. Why
here for Christ's sake? Ah at
last a friend, someone I trust,
Dave from Manchester, he's going
to see 'Videodrome' with Peter
Hook of New Order - namedropping,
eh? Surely they dont name drop in
heaven - and he's letting me sleep
in his bed while he's gone/I did'nt
think I was going to be able to
sleep if I were dead - so perhaps
I am still alive but I doubt it -
that banging again - wish it would
stop - wish I could just sleep -
but what in heaven or Earth is this?
Who or what are these creatures
surrounding me? I'm interviewing
them! Oh, this is bizarre. They
say they're called the Dancing
Tarantullas and they've been in
'The Sun' for throwing traffic
cones at their audience. One of
them's saying he wants to do gigs
for thalidomides and people dying
in hospitals because he thinks
they've had a really bad deal.
WHAT IS THIS? One of them is a
sort of mutated hells angel,
another a mean looking skinhead
and their leader is asian. I ask
him if he knows what happened to
the two eastern princesses. Did
they go off with the american?
But he does'nt seem to hear me
and continues telling me about
the band, which is'nt even a band.
He says they're influenced by Nat
King Cole, Cannon and Ball, Ballet,
TV commercials, Gracie Fields, Led
Zeppelin....Oh this is too silly,
heaven or hell I'm going!

Another road. Another truck
but no humans. Then another place
that I recognise fromme my dim
and distant past. A place of much
disorder. There was that funny man
dressed in leather with white make
up and there is many of us that
used to follow him and we're all
being beaten up with iron bars/
baseball bats...but that's the
past. This is NOW and everything
is tranquil, almost quiet but
there's that same electric
atmosphere and there's even some
of the old faces. One of them is
offering me a lift to Lancaster.
Why on earth would I want to go
there? But I'm accepting the lift.
Must be habit I geuss. When I was
alive I would never turn down
a lift...

But now I'm back in the car
that we had the accident in. Buzz
is driving even faster than he
was before the accident. Aky and
Barry are'nt there but there's a
girl who I thought for a moment
was one of the eastern princesses
but she's not - and Bee. I describe
the american to him and he seems
to know him but he cant help me
with the mysterious Dancing
Tarantullas.

We get to Bradford and Aky's
place. Over some vicious curries
we all exchange stories. Everyone
has strange tales to tell. Every-
one is ridiculously happy and
excited. Something BIG is happen-
ing I'm sure but I dont know what
it is.

Things speed up again and I'm
telling two humans called Graham
and Simon about what has happened
to me. I'm talking and talking and
then we pass an accident, not
dissimilar to the one we must
have had. Then I'm lifting great
objects and for some reason I'm
thinking I'm not a journalist.
Everyone seems to hate journalists
except Graham and Simon, who seem
to know what's going on here. I
make a mental note to try to find
the answer to all this from them
but I cant bring myself to ask
them.

Bee and the others are with
me again and we're walking around
a church. Bee looks very uncomfort-
able...and then the church turns
into a prison...but we're not in-
side it...we're on the outside
looking in. I see someone who
might have looked like the
american and then I'm selling
T-shirts - not as strange as it
might sound - it was an occupation
I often partook in during my life,
more as something to do than for
any fianancial purpose. I'm also
being shouted at by Mel, the old
friend who had offerred me a lift
- everything had happened so
quickly since then that I had
forgotten all about it. He wont
let me forget tho', he keeps
shouting, saying it' s not like
the old days - indeed it's not
I'm dead - the thought seems to
amuse me but Mel is still shout-
ing, rather like the warder...?
What warder? I think I see the
eastern princessess and then both
Mel and me notice the electricity
again. It's exciting, wildly and
madly so - Hey where did that come
from? Electricity comes from outer
space! an american voice says in
the back of what I assume to be my
mind - but it's not my american
friend,it's just some old jerk
called Lou.

This dream or nightmare or
whatever it is starting to get
really good. Everything is moving
very fast. Death is'nt such a
bad thing. Death is bigger!
Now I'm in a place that I know
only too well - it's a sleazy
hole in the ground called
Retford. Everybody I have ever
known is there. The funny man
who used to wear leather and
paint his face white is there in
lots of different forms and before
him the boy with green teath and
spikey hair, he's there too and
going back even before him a
wild man with knee pads and
slashed chest who was called
Jim to his friends - but I
remember I chickened out of
interviewing him...and there's
the original who was also called
Jim, but he looks very very
young and beautiful - he never

looked that beautiful when he was alive and surely he's not in Heaven. Then I realise that I'm filming him and he's Bee and then there's a huge explosion of light and then I know where the strange american is. He's waiting for us outside. We were dead all along. Long before the car crash. Infact we were never alive. Until NOW. And now we must go. The american opens up the truck which is crammed full of Dune Buggies. Everybody I have ever known piles into the buggies and we all drive out of the hole. We drive like a pack of angels faster than I have ever gone before...and then the buggy I'm in hits something and lurches about a bit and I suddenly realise that I've had my eyes shut. I open them and it's not dark anymore. Infact it's glorious daylight and I'm not in a dune buggy at all. I'm in the hired car with Barry, Bee, Aky and Buzz. Everybody is in near hysterics. Buzz is shouting, "That fucking idiot! I nearly did'nt get round him then. Look he's going now, lets pull him over, he could have got us killed!"

MAGICK, SEX AND GREENHAM COMMON
by Maria and Anna in spirit

Mr Vague has been hassling Anna and myself for this article for months and months - at first we were really enthusiastic about doing it and then the doubts crept in - Shit, how can we actually pin down in ordered words and sentences, something that we feel passionate about - intangible feelings - aaaargh!

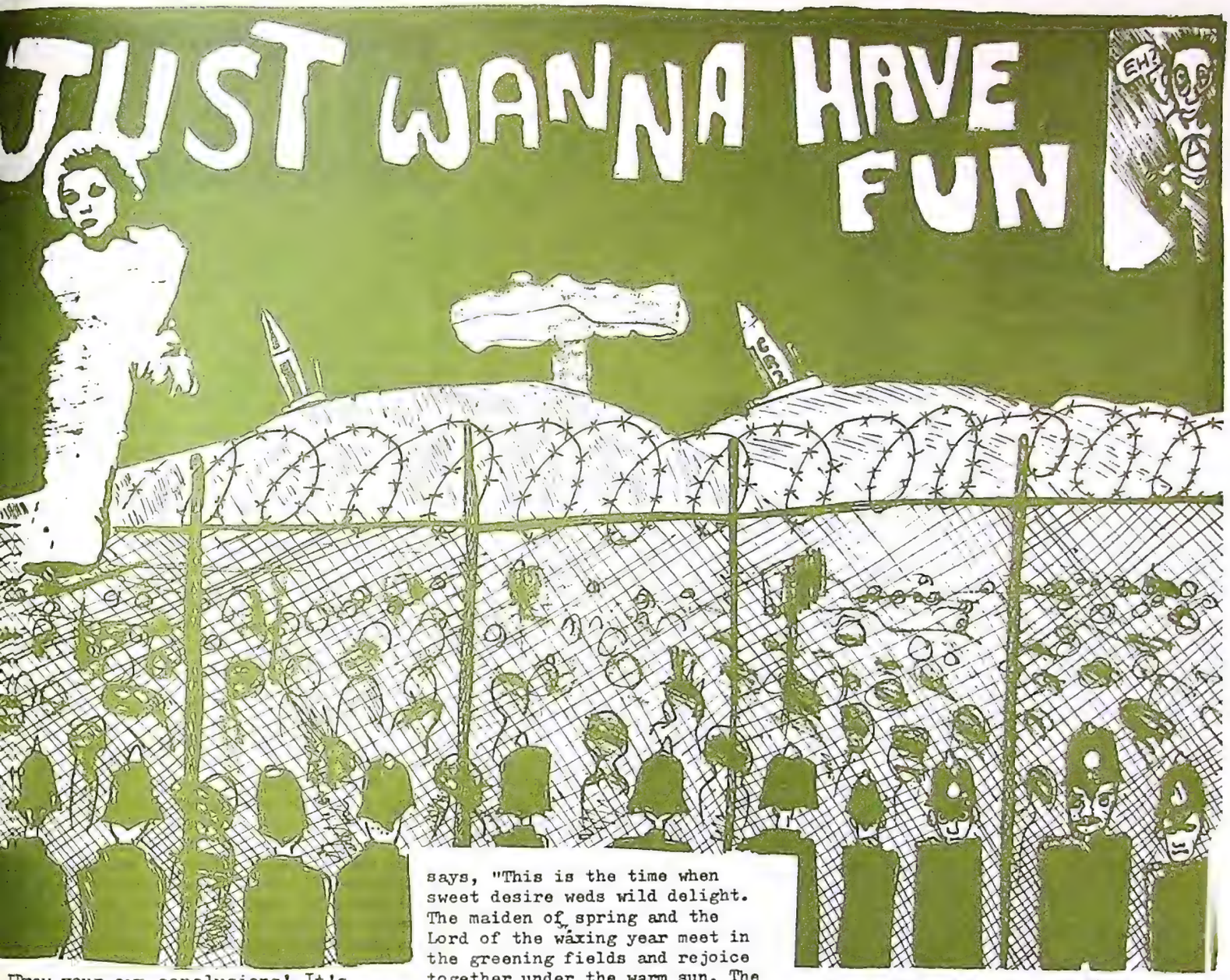
BUT at last I just sit and write this; Imagine as you read that you are meeting someone for the first time - neither person is sure of the other and does'nt know quite how much to give away - I'm only hinting at things, read between the lines a little, add your own words - and also write to Maria or Anna at the address below - if you want to know more.

OR of course just go to Greenham yourself - and please leave your preconceptions at home - open your mind and go and learn new forms of beauty, new dreams, new words, new songs and new jokes. All you BOYS out there too - why not visit Greenham instead of going to see that boring old rock'n'roll band AGAIN! Contrary to popular belief men are quite welcome to visit main gate - although remember that even though you might just feel that you're sitting around a fire in the middle of nowhere, to the women you're sitting in their front room.

At this point you're probablyexpecting me to justify the 'women only' stance - well, I'm not - The reasons have been gone over time and time again and if you dont know now you'll never know (Repitition, mundanity, boredom - the ultimate forms of violence!)

This is'nt just another Greenham article - full of facts and accounts of evictions, actions, court-cases or police beating up women - you can find lots of those - try the Daily Express if you want all that shit. These are just a few misty thoughts from my bit of earth, on my side of the fence. I just want to try and tell you how brilliant it feels to be sitting around a fire laughing or singing or just being quiet - and to hear one of the police behind the barbed wire fence in with all that poison and shit, start singing "I feel so lonely, I wanna go home!" and "I who have nothing..." This really happens - it feels good! They're slowly breaking, their minds are softening - the witchcraft is working!

Here is an excerpt from a church report in the 16th Century; "Woman is more carnal than man. There was a defect in the formation of the first woman - since she was formed with a bent rib - she is imperfect and thus always decieves - Witchcraft comes from carnal lust!"



IDraw your own conclusions! It's arnatical but I think it sums up ottally the underlying problems tiill with us today - one of the ajjor ones being - the nuclear egga-rape of the Earth. Witches erre burnt in their thousands naaybe millions) in the I6th ermtury. Women burnt for being oco beautiful, too ugly, too owwerful, too wise, much too angerous!! It was'nt only women itther - men who were different o the norm - madmen, poets, gay- emn - also got burnt for knowing oco much. It did'nt end then tho' e are all still being burnt and ortured in far more subtle and nppperceptible ways - a lot of the imme by ourselves! Maybe you dont eee the connections between Green- amm and these things but they most ertainly are there. The web of inks and connections is infinite nnd spans unknown dark and light olaces, everywhere, involving veryone - in some way.

As I write women are travel- iing to Avebury in Wiltshire, site f an ancient stone circle dedicated to the moon, to celebrate 'BELTANE', r. 'Walpurgis night', a very impor- tant and ancient pagan festival - There will be much jumping over oonfires and feasting whilst thers silently weave their spells. n: old piece of writing on Beltane says, "This is the time when sweet desire weds wild delight. The maiden of spring and the Lord of the waxing year meet in the greening fields and rejoice together under the warm sun. The shaft of Life is twined in a spiral web and all of nature is renewed. We meet in a time of flowering, to dance the dance of Life."!! YAY! - Here's to that I say - look out for fairies bonk- ing merrily in the fields!

But, seriously (again) I think the reason Magick and witch- craft are so appealing to people now, especially women, is because they give really strong and power- ful images to identify with and learn from. We have these rich, rich roots of our past, waiting to be rediscovered.

In many ways women should be less fucked up than men because we have these roots to grow from - except we're still kept away by...who knows what? For Fuck's sake, this is not cosmic, hippy conciousness raising coffee morning shit - ignore cynics who say otherwise - they're people eaten away by their own fears - they'll never really change or create change - scared at being laughed at or not getting approv- al. I'm trying to show you beyond all that. To all women reading this - WE ARE ALL POTENTIAL SHAMANESSES - all change comes through us this time. These are desperate times - everyone keep- ing their own little fires burn- ing - waving their little flags - it's getting closer and closer to the time when all these must merge into one glorious chaotic force - The labels on our beliefs all slightly differ but we can still be the thousands of Ants that ruin the giants picnic!!!

Maybe this article has dissappointed some people, as I have'nt mentioned the nuclear issue once, but as I've said before, these are just random thoughts that being at Greenham have made me realise - and you cant seperate the whole nuclear thing from religion, sexuality and all those other shadey subjects patriarchy has perv- erted....a last random thought to ponder!! -

As I was leaving Greenham last time I visited, a woman said she just heard over the radio that a minor earth tremor had been record- ed in Newbury (a nearby town) - to plagiarise a quote from a certain cornish pixie, "The earth has been abused - she will retal- iate - that's revolution!"

This article is short and very confused! Please take it as just part of the picture - for further elaboration, as I've said before write to;

MARIA OR ANNA,
109 CORBYN ST,
LONDON N4.

XXXXXXXXX

The Long

Symbol of resistance

An Indian philosopher predicted that man would bring back a piece of the moon to Earth, this would effect all women on Earth, upsetting their natural cycle and bringing about women's liberation.

In the heart of our ancient teachings is the wisdom that woman is central to the creation and sustenance of life. Our bodies come from Mother Earth, who nurtures us, clothes us, heals us, and at the last, embraces and receives us back to the source of life. Grandmother Moon provides cycles of fertility, of planting and reaping, of cleansing and of changing.

All of these move, like creation herself, in a wheel of birth, growth, maturity, decline, death and rebirth. Human females flow in this same rhythm as an extension of the universal Spirit Mother. As the daughters of Creation, moving in the cycles of nature and bringing forth that precious mystery of life, it is no wonder that women are deeply grounded in the spirit of the earth (according to circumstance). So it is that women are the best guides and teachers in their inner instinctive wisdom.

One might suppose that a rational and healthy society would enthusiastically honour and empower their female members. In the dominant cultures of today we find women demeaned, degraded, condescended to, trivialised, and exploited. Another proof, if needed, that "civilisation" is neither rational or healthy.

Tribal societies, on the whole, were far wiser in this respect than societies are today. The Celtic people of Britain, for example, had women leaders, councillors, etc, and played a larger role in decision - making than they do in the 20th Century.

Whether the people were wanderers or settled hunters or farmers, they lived close to the cycles of nature. As they honoured the earth so they honoured the daughters of the earth. Now another cycle is in motion with the emergence of women's groups throughout the world, but first a look at Native women warriors.

A warrior is one who defends his family, home and land against any real threat to his safety. They are not to be likened to the modern armies of nations, whose leaders fabricate threats as an excuse for aggressive actions. A warrior can be a man or a woman, an elder or a youth. Strategies may differ - one warrior may feel desperate enough to take up arms, another might arm himself/herself with truth and an eagle feather - one might become a doctor or a nurse and fight disease and another might become a teacher combating ignorance or a brother in prison trying to pry open the iron doors. A warrior might be the medecine man fighting against the death pattern that plagues Indian

est Walk

people and striving to revive the life instincts. A warrior wears many different garments and has many faces and many of those are native women.

Native women have historically fought their struggle side by side with their men. The Creek and Seminole women warriors were forced to euthanasia by the U.S. atrocities which attempted to wipe out every native person in their greed to secure Native homelands. The women mercifully put their children to rest in the arms of Mother Earth, to prevent their capture by the U..S. Cavalry who would rape and torture them. And then they joined the ranks of the men.

Loyen, another highly respected Appache woman warrior fought long and courageously with the resistance forces led by Geronimo. The elder grandmothers from Nisqually, sadly relate to their children how conditions were for them as young maidens. When they heard the approaching hoofbeats coming to their longhouses from Olympia, all the women from 3 to 90 ran to the river where they stuffed sand between their legs. For the favourite sport of the drunken white settlers was the rape and sadistic torture of Native women and children. Often the Native men would be shackled together and forced to watch.

The powerforces arrayed against the Native nations finally succeeded and death was the only relief. Today the indigenous people of the Americas are rising together as one nation to throw off tyranny. The strong life instinct which inspired the grandmothers of old to resist the death blows of the US Army can be seen once again. Native women warriors such as Janet Mellond, Ellen Moves Camp, Suzette Bridges Mills, Ramona Blinky, Gladyss Bissonette, Mary Crow Dog, Ramona Bennett, to name but a few. They are the true leaders in the re-birth resistance movement of Native nations.

Equal to these are the unsung heroines - the Clan Mothers of the Iroquois Nations and the Hopi and Lakota/Dakota spiritual Women leaders who have opened up there homes to depressed Native sisters. They have travelled long distances to visit their Native sisters to uplift and share their wisdom with them, gently guiding them with kind words and treatment and inspiring the will to live again.

The grandmothers who protect and guide the young, who instruct and mould the characters of our future generations. The grandmothers who have steadfastly clung to the values and way of life of the ancestors, so that we might never forget what FREEDOM really is, so that we will not mistake freedom for THRALLDOM (that's slavery if you cant

Woman Warrior

be bothered to get a dictionary out like I had to.Ed.) as so many have been indoctrinated to believe today.

Lastly the Mothers who serve to keep the family unit together (ie. the EXTENDED family unit) in defiance of all that would destroy the unity of the Native nations, the unity rooted in the family. The Native mothers who today are demanding that the education of their children be meaningful to Native values and lifestyles. And the many beautiful spiritual sisters who walk in dignified silence. The struggle to WIN THE PEACE. They walk the path of life in beauty and all their actions are motivated by their love for their people, their land and all life. Their is no room in their hearts for hatred. They seek to secure a future life for those who come towards us from the future.

In the spiritual rebirth movement there is no rivalry between the sisters, or sexes, as exists in so many political movements. A true Native warrior respects the women leaders and women warriors and he is respected and loved by them. Women warriors keep the movement strong.

With thanks to Janet Mellond of North West Indian circle and Manitonquat storyteller and keeper of the lore of the Wampanoag Nation. (think some of the spelling might have gone a bit askew there. Ed.)

If you want to help the American Indian Movement or simply find out more about it, firstly get the last 2 Vagues and then write to:

DAVYD (LAVOLTA LAKOTA),
97 HULME WALK,
HULME,
MANCHESTER,
M15 6DL.

(Actually by the time this will have come out he will probably have moved so you better write c/o VAGUE.)

As the Snow flies
on a cold grey Chicago morn
Another little hungry
child is born
IN the Ghetto.....
And his mother cries
Because if there's one thing
that she don't need
it's another hungry mouth
to feed

Will D. Beast leaps from the psychiatrist's couch with his terrible infliction uncured, probably uncurable (that cant be right?) - his disease involves the brain forcing the body to travel round the country after bastardised Osterberg/Sinatra impersonators even if he's got to PAY to get in - that's serios or serious...

...on the tube to Brixton/enthusiastic but with reservations/would tonight be a performance of passion and exhuberance or the NICK CAVE cabaret with hip-wasted session musicians kicking around the corpse of the Birthday Party?

First impression: nausea. The Fridge is well named, cold, frigid, a place where icicles form on the merest hint of atmosphere. The management's idea of tastefulness is leaving one of the aforementioned white things behind the ridiculously expensive bar and bed sheets draped off the ceiling - like any sensible gig goer we smuggle a few cans in.

'Welcome to our rehearsal', the Cavemen wandered onto the stage in suits, 'Dont dress in those rags for ME, I know that you're not poor and dont love me so fiercely I know that you're not sure.' - drawled Nick in a voice half growled but not half hearted. They staggered through their set giving the Fridge a bit of life, which was no mean achievement.

For one song Mick Harvey left his drums to play the piano - in his own special way - with Blixa breaking his strings rather than playing them, as he lent against the backwall - just like any homicidal axe-wielding maniac on any slum street corner.

The Cavemen are like a disease and I caught it badly (Oh dear...Will. Ed.) Two days later/Camden and an electric performance playing Elvis' 'Heartbreak?..Jailhouse?...In the Ghetto' as an encore and with the audience predictably going mad to 'Mutiny'. I preferred Brixton; with Cave turning to Blixa and saying, 'I'll start this one with a scream OK?'

I borrowed some money and set off for Nottingham - God I hate Rock City. Why do the best bands play the vilest hell holes? (Something to do with frogskins, Will. Bob) Far away from the real life that they're supposed to be singing about.

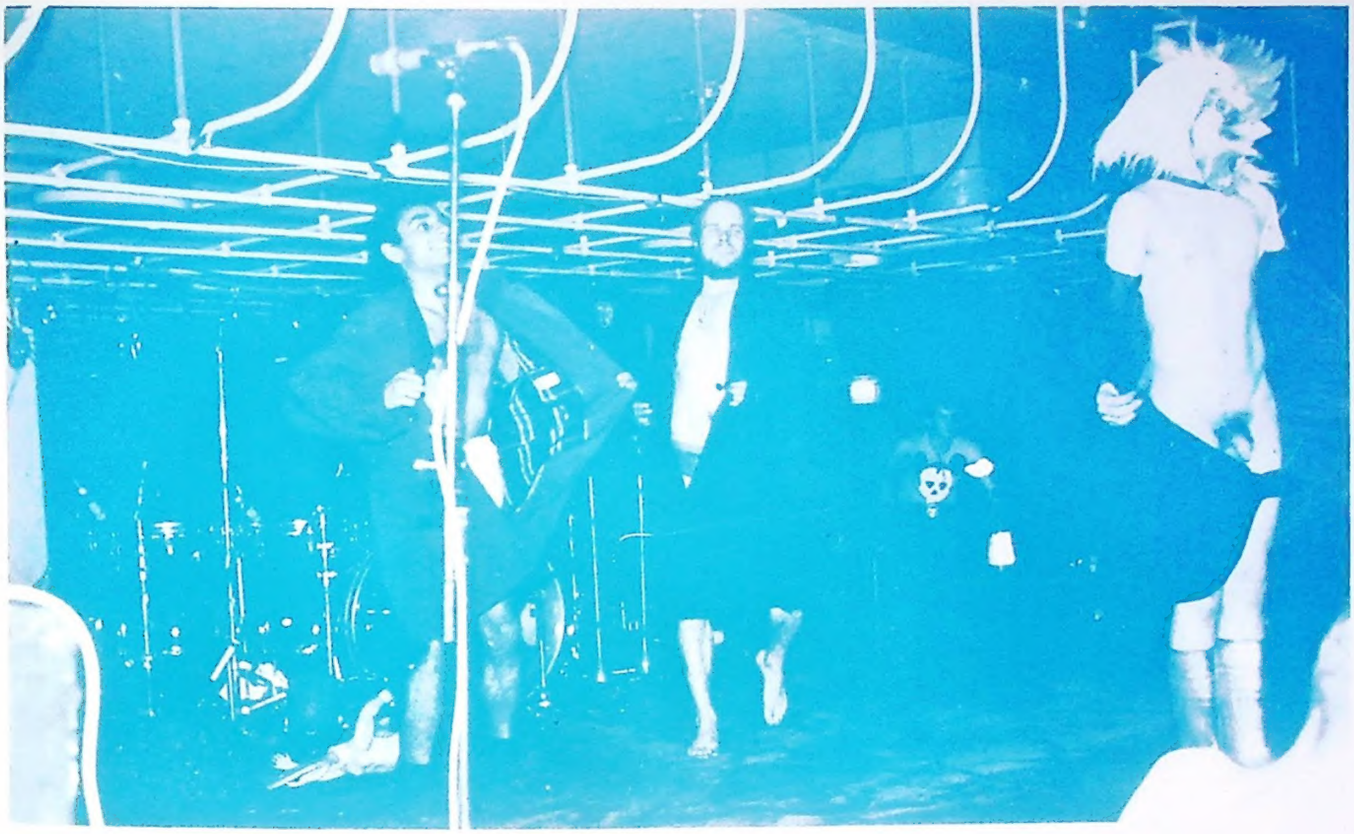
The Moodists are predictably predictable and that's all I'm going to say about them. The Cavemen seem to be better/captivating/compelling/urgent. Someone shouts, 'It's shit'/another shouts 'Brilliant'/Cave turns to the disenter and dismisses him with a cursory, 'I prefer HIS hairstyle.'

Blagged a lift to Manchester and the Hacienda/videos at all angles but it's still the first decent venue/a moving lig but I'm told that it's a bank holiday tommorrow - the thought of spending two days stuck and skint in Manchester is not too pleasant - so I borrow £5 and have to leave before the encore to get the nightcoach - full of pissed scotsmen and puking kids/unbearably hot and a lunatic driver who insisted on taking a pointless detour via Milton Keynes.

In an arena full of false prophets the Cavemen stand out. A band that dare to be real/totally manic and incredibly powerful. They grab you by the throat and force you to listen/as Cave pours out his heart/from hell to eternity.

HIKOTA HI-VOLTA

DANCING TARANTULLAS



OPERATION MINDFUCK

I1
BACK FROM THE GRAVE:
Not gothic I should add but Crass/Nukes/Rioting/Hitching/Cassette Piracy/Iggy/Cramps/Velvets/Pernque Rerque/Royal wedding

I2
TALES FROM THE BLANK GENERATION:
TOH/Joke/UKDK/Danse Society/Ants'77-'80/Our brave lads/Viz (some Viz in all of them actually.)

I3
IN TOON WITH NOTHING:
Southern Death Cult/Sex Gang Children/Look Back in Anger/Danse Society/AIM/Herpies/Plat.Logic/Bill Burroughs (not many left - not surprisingly eh?)

I4
ARE YOU POSITIVE, PUNK?
Death Cult overkill/Work/Sex/Drugs/Fanzines/Dids/Iggy/bit on Birthday Party - not much tho'

AVAILABLE FROM ROUGH TRADE / COMPENDIUM / REVOLVER AND ALL THOSE SORT OF PLACES OR c/o 'BUTCOMBE', CASTLE ST, MERE, WILTS, BA12 6JP. (also postal address, obvious I 'spose but I dont live there y'see.) 30p EACH PLUS P+P EXCEPT VI4 40p blah, blah...

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